

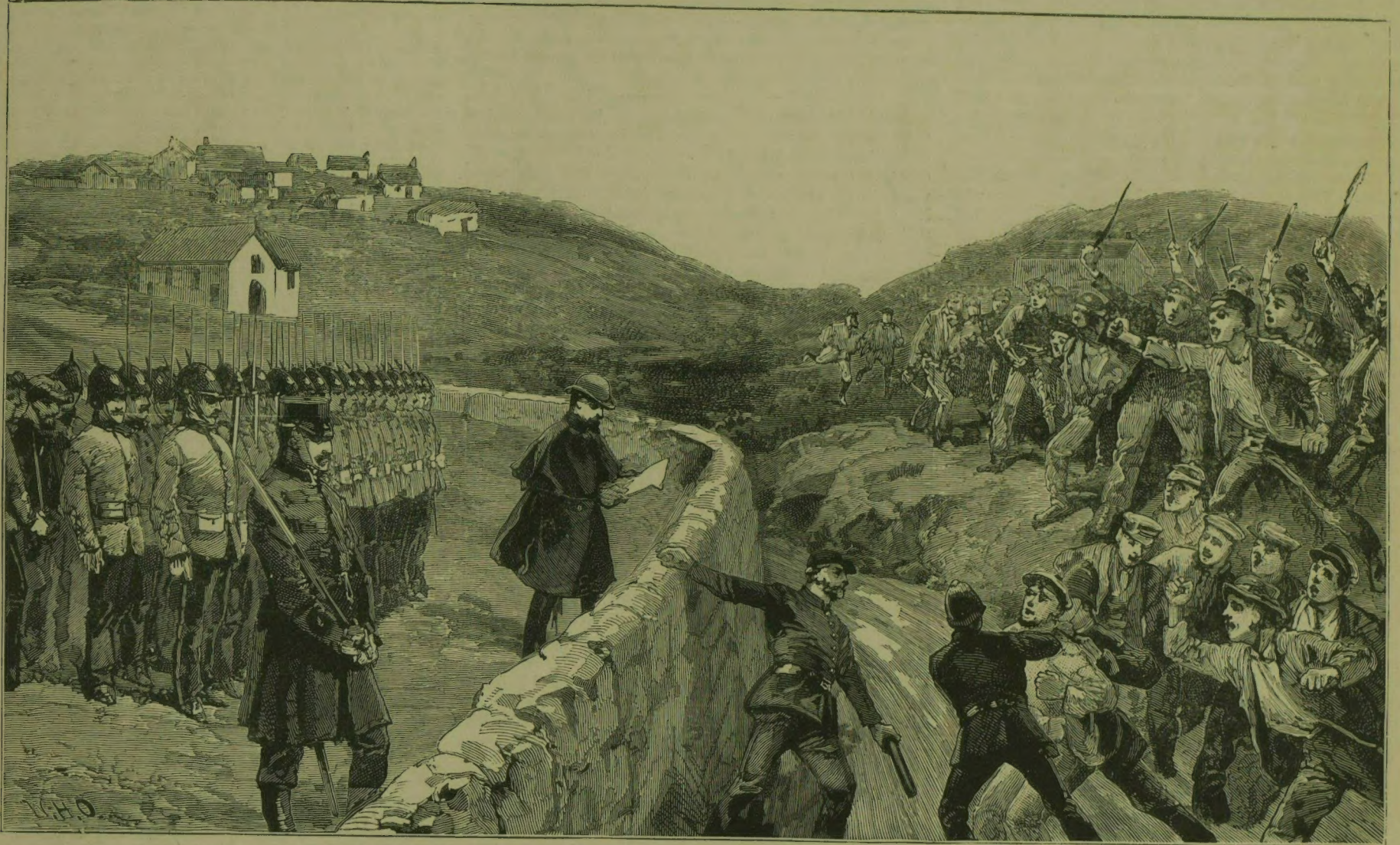
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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READING THE RIOT ACT AT AIGNISH FARM, NEAR STORNOWAY.



POLICE AND MARINES SEIZING THE RIOTOUS CROFTERS.

CROFTERS OF LEWIS, IN THE HEBRIDES.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The council of the Birmingham Institute has been writing to our authors for the original MSS. of their works, "to add attractions to their annual conversazione." The answers they have received are very illustrative of the modesty that belongs to the literary character. The author of "Lorna Doone" "does not know whether he has got the MS. of it or not." The author of "Vice Versa" "knows, but does not like to say" (it was stolen from him, as I happen to know, by a literary admirer, and he is unwilling to expose him). Mr. Justin McCarthy never had a MS.; he composes his works on the type-writer at first hand, like a musician. Only one author seems to be at all impressed with the value of his MS., and even that can be accounted for from the circumstance that he has long laboured under a most unfounded imputation of getting other people to write his books for him. So careless, it is rumoured, was one of these geniuses of the treasure demanded of him that he placed all his MSS. at the disposal of the Institute, upon the understanding that it should undertake to let him know which was which: a detail that he had been unable to gather from his own handwriting. Again and again have his friends implored this gentleman to take "twelve lessons in caligraphy for a guinea," and even offered to pay for them: but he says "No; no cheque of mine has yet ever been dishonoured, and it is certain that if my signature became at all like my name, my banker would decline to pay it." The only person I have ever read of who can match this gentleman is that correspondent of Bishop Barrington who wrote, "Out of respect to you I write in my own hand; but to facilitate the reading, I send you a copy made by my amanuensis."

Not for a moment would I suggest that the original MSS. of our modern authors are not as intrinsically valuable as those of their predecessors; but the material they are written upon is not so curious. The Koran, for example, is said to have been originally inscribed on the shoulder-bones of mutton—of course, after the consumer had done with them. These would have needed some explanation from the stewards of the conversazione; but the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, Zonaras tells us (every schoolboy knows Zonaras) "were first written upon the intestines of a serpent, in characters of gold, forming a roll one hundred feet long," which would have been quite the feature of the evening. Writing on lead was the custom in Job's time, and "leaden MSS.," observes the chronicler quite gravely, "have been common at a much later period." To call a volume "wooden" would not, however, have been at all a depreciatory remark in old times, for Bishop Nicholson tells us that the Northern authors wrote all their works on beech-wood, or "bog," from which our word "book" is derived. Cleanthes, the philosopher, was so poor that he wrote his immortal works on shells—though, to judge from present prices, not of oysters. On the other hand, in the Strozzi Palace, at Rome, there is, or was, a book made of marble, "with leaves cut to a marvellous thinness." The authors of those days could, at least, never have suffered the humiliation of seeing their MSS. at the buttermilk's.

An interesting discussion has been lately carried on in the newspapers respecting "luck." It is a question, however, which will never be settled. All the scientific people scoff at its existence: all gamblers and speculative persons believe in it. There is certainly more to be said for it than for the belief in ghosts, for there are many examples of it at first-hand. There are few of us who do not know somebody who is exceptionally fortunate or the reverse. It is certainly not true that "we count our hits, but not our misses"; for some men are eloquent upon their misfortunes, though, perhaps, with the object of calling attention to them "in the proper quarter," and getting the balance redressed. It is sometimes redressed the other way: I have observed men to be markedly lucky in their youth, against whom the average is restored with a vengeance as they grow old. It is idle to assert that men have all the like chances; there is no flood time to fortune with some, and no ebb tide with others. Occasionally some unfortunate fellow gets a piece of good luck the size of which makes amends for a lifetime of ill-treatment; but this is very rare.

De Quincey—himself certainly an unlucky man—thus speaks of one to whom the cup of life had been dealt in quite another measure—namely, Wordsworth. He numbers six separate examples of his good-luck—"Six instances of pecuniary showers emptying themselves into Wordsworth's very bosom, at the very moment when they began to be needed; and, amidst the tumults of chance, wearing as much the air of purpose and design as if they supported a human plan." He goes on to say that if a seventh had been required, it would have happened to him. "As Wordsworth needed a place or a fortune, the holder of that place or fortune was immediately served with a summons to surrender it; and had I known of any peculiar adaptation in an estate or office of mine to an existing need of Wordsworth's—forthwith and with the speed of a man running for his life, I would have laid it down at his feet. 'Take it,' I should have said, 'take it, or in three weeks I shall be a dead man.'"

Perhaps the prettiest story connected with luck is that of the poor French country girl who (in the year before the Revolution) gained a £1500 prize in the Paris lottery. She instantly placed 200 louis d'or in the hand of her parish priest to be bestowed upon the indigent and deserving of her own class—"For Fortune surely could only have been kind to me," she said, "in order that I might be kind to others." The instinct consequent upon a stroke of good luck is generally benevolent, but only too often evanescent. That is why I say "Put up your hospital boxes at Epsom and Newmarket," which I cannot persuade the patrons of charities to do.

M. Guy De Maupassant has, like everybody else, his theory of how novels ought to be written, and he has contributed his views to the *Figaro*, the editor of which has published them—with alterations. It seems a high-handed proceeding even to an outsider, but to M. De Maupassant it is an atrocity to be wiped out only in blood, and to be but partially mitigated by "£400 damages and complete publication." I most sincerely wish he may get it, though I have my doubts about anybody's "views of the novel" (always excepting the reader's) being worth much. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and if the pudding is good, it matters little after what recipe in the cookery-book it is concocted. The question of contributors *versus* editors, however, is a serious one. In this particular case it certainly seems monstrous that a man's opinion upon matters of his own profession should have been tampered with; but, generally speaking, it is better for both parties—if there is no time for any communication to pass between them—that the editor should have a free hand. The view he takes is often the next morning's view of the contributor himself, who is really obliged to him (though wild horses could not tear the admission from him) for toning down what is too vehement, or too warm; moreover, the editor has the readers of his journal to consider, as well as the general public, with which the other is alone concerned.

But it is a dangerous operation at the best, and requires very delicate handling. "Cursed be he who either adds or subtracts from what is herein set down" is the inscription (though written in lemon-juice, and only made visible by the application of external heat), on every author's MS.; and what is very curious, if anything is eliminated, that unfortunate passage is sure to be "the best in the whole article"; nay, without it, "you will forgive me for observing, Mr. Editor, the paper becomes vapid and meaningless, as is apt to happen when the gist of a matter has been taken out of it" (*sic*). Where most of us who have ever written for the public eye have cause to bless editors, is for the occasional exercise of their powers of rejection. I say "occasional," because in nine cases out of ten, of course, this is caused either by a gross stupidity or a fiendish malevolence; but just once or twice it happens that we have been preserved by their veto from what, if it had happened to other people, we should call making most tremendous fools of themselves. The more generous of us are always ready to acknowledge our escape in handsome terms: "Upon reconsideration of the matter about which, I fear, I wrote to you a little hastily, I am not sure that, on the whole, you did not exercise a justifiable, though naturally irritating, discretion" (*sic*).

Apropos of the revival of pugilism, I find in an ancient work dedicated to the noble art of self-defence, and entitled "The Fancy," this splendid eulogium upon the Sullivan of that day: "If ever greatness of soul raised the character of man, or humanity shone resplendent in the breast of a human being, a purer claim to these inestimable qualities was never witnessed than that of Henry Pearce—the Game Chicken." It is probable that it was from this source Dickens derived the name which he conferred upon Mr. Toot's guide, philosopher, and friend.

The good people of Birmingham have been thrown into great alarm in consequence of "the conjunction of Mars and Uranus (surely a misprint for Venus?) with Mercury in an evil aspect," which, "as everybody knows," writes the reporter, "portends calamities." Everybody in Birmingham may know, but certainly not in London. This is, perhaps, only another instance of the boasted superiority of the provincial intelligence; moreover, though so greatly moved—and expecting to be still more so, by earthquakes—the local population behaved with much self-control. "Women, indeed, kept their beds and would not let their children attend school"; but they do that in the metropolis on much smaller provocation.

In Resmi Achmed's account "Of the Wars of Turkey with Russia," he assigns one of eight reasons for the success of the Russian arms to the fact that the Turks marched out to war "when Saturn and Mars were in conjunction with the sign of Cancer." So convinced was his master the Sultan of the influence of the stars that he sent Resmi to Berlin with instructions to obtain from the ever-fortunate Frederic of Prussia the secret of his success and the loan of three of his best astrologers. Frederic took the Ambassador to a window of his palace which commanded a square, filled with soldiers: "To lead those to victory," he said, "I have three advisers—Experience, Discipline, and Economy; these and these only are my astrologers; and this is the secret which you are quite at liberty to impart to my good friend the Sultan Mustapha."

One of Dickens's Scrooge-like characters informs us that there is no such thing as a broken heart; and science, it appears, endorses that unsentimental statement. "It is only," says a medical journal of last week, "people of whose education physiology has formed no part" who can talk of such a thing. If it happens at all, it would be immediately fatal; but there seems a doubt whether it ever did happen, except to one old woman in the Liverpool Workhouse, and even then it was called "a rupture." If produced by any emotion of the mind, it would be a joyful one, which would "accelerate the circulation and increase the blood pressure." This is bad news for the novelist, and not only throws the gravest doubt upon the cause of death of half the heroines of fiction, but suggests their having departed in the highest spirits.

An American critic is very angry with Mr. Browning because that gentleman's poetry is unintelligible to him. Mr. Browning might use the retort of another great poet, and reply, that "the clearest handwriting is not decipherable by twilight"; but he will probably preserve a dignified silence. It seems hard that a man can't write as he likes, since no obligation is imposed on anybody to read him. Mr. Browning is not the first English poet who has been thought to be a little

obscure. Mr. Samuel Rogers has the reputation, if not of a bard of the first class, of being a severely simple one, of writing poems—

To the purpose,  
Easy things to understand.

And yet the following lines come from his pen:—

But hence! away! yon rocky cave forbear!  
A sullen captive broods in silence there.  
There, though the dog-star flame, condemned to dwell,  
In the dark centre of its inmost cell,  
Wild Winter ministers his dread control,  
To cool and crystallise the nectar'd bowl!  
His faded form an awful grace retains;  
Stern, though subdued, majestic yet in chains!

Without being informed of the fact, the reader would scarcely recognise in this "sullen captive" the rough ice which, in pre-refrigerator days, used to be stored in the ice-house built in every country gentleman's grounds. The lines occur in the first edition of the "Epistle to a Friend."

## THE CROFTERS OF LEWIS.

Some account of the situation of Lewis, the largest island of the Western or Outer Hebrides, and of the disturbances and resistance to the law among its "crofters" or small tenant-farmers, was given in December with Sketches by our Special Artist. The Sheriffs of Ross-shire and the neighbouring counties of Scotland have been unable, in several of the islands, to enforce the legal decrees of the Courts, without the aid of military and naval forces to support the police. At the farm of Aignish, four miles from Stornoway, in Lewis, on Monday, Jan. 9, a thousand men riotously assembled to expel the tenant, Mr. Samuel Newall, who had been denounced by their "Land League" for holding a large tract of pasture. They had destroyed his fences in the night, and they came to drive away his sheep, threatening also to burn his farm-buildings. They marched in regular array, preceded by musicians and flag-bearers, to the scene of action. A force of the Royal Scots, Marines, and police came up with the rioters, who refused to disperse. Sheriff Fraser thereupon read the Riot Act, but the rioters several times came into conflict with the police and military. A number of them were wounded, but none fatally. Mr. John Ross, Procurator Fiscal, was struck with a heavy stick and badly wounded; and the officer in command of the Royal Scots and several policemen were wounded severely. Eleven of the rioters were arrested and brought into Stornoway under heavy escort; but most of them remained on Aignish farm, took Mr. Newall's entire stock, and drove them to the extreme point of the Knock district, there to stray and be lost. The Commission of Inquiry, consisting of Mr. McNeill, of the Board of Supervision in Edinburgh, and Sheriff Fraser, of Stornoway, has begun its labours.

## ART NOTES.

At Messrs. Dowdeswells' galleries (160, New Bond-street) will be found seventy-five works by that erratic French artist Adolphe Monticelli. In his own country, this impetuous mercurial failed to achieve the success he anticipated; and although he did not fall into absolute want, his spirit was broken by the persistent opposition and neglect he experienced from his own countrymen. That so accomplished a critic as M. Philippe Burty should have recognised Monticelli's skill goes far to suggest that the painter's want of success was not altogether due to the demerit of his work. In fact, one has only to look round the walls of this room to recognise the remarkable flashes of genius which illuminate so many of his works. Monticelli was, above all things and before all things, a colourist; and in his ardour he forgot that to make a pleasing picture many things beside colour are necessary. It would seem, moreover, that before succumbing to the influence of Diaz, Monticelli must, more or less unconsciously, have submitted himself to the spell of our countryman Constable, who, just as Monticelli was first springing into manhood, had carried off the chief honours of the Paris Salon, and had been hailed by French landscapists as a great reformer and leader. In such works as "Dames et Enfants aux Champs" (14) the influence of Constable is obvious; and, in a lesser degree, modified already by Diaz, we see it in the "Paysage avec Figures" (5) and "Au Bord de la Mer" (13). The artist, moreover, who had such an appreciation of light and colour as is displayed in the autumn landscape (36) and in the "Fête dans le Jardin" (41), was a man of no common powers; and it is to be regretted that he did not submit them to the ordinary restraints of his art. Monticelli's works can never become popular, but they will doubtless be prized highly by those who look to originality and independence as the marks of true genius.

In the same gallery are to be seen a series of drawings by Mr. Ernest Dade, illustrative of the Whitby herring fishery—sunny, bright, and facile sketches; and a few oils and water colours by the late Mr. W. H. Wheeler, many of which display considerable sympathy with nature. Mr. Clement Heaton also exhibits some interesting examples of the application of "cloisonné-mosaic" to decorative art, by means of which he shows how easily this work can be adapted to large and small designs. To us it seems unlikely to struggle on equal terms with Oriental skill in the smaller class of works; but as a means for mural decoration—especially in churches and cathedrals—Mr. Heaton seems to have struck out an original idea, which deserves every encouragement. The work, from its very nature, is practically indestructible; and it is so capable of variety and free treatment that we hope we shall see panels after the manner of those exhibited here adopted for ecclesiastical and memorial purposes.

Mr. McLean (7, Haymarket) proves himself to be an intelligent as well as liberal patron of young artists in giving up his rooms to an exhibition of the works of Mr. Edward H. Bearn, whose sole claim to public recognition, so far, rests upon his having carried off the Turner medal of the Royal Academy. Since "leaving school" Mr. Bearn has not been idle and these drawings—nearly a hundred in number—show to what good use he has put his stay in Switzerland and Italy. Mr. Bearn has a fine sense of colour, and a keen eye for effects of cross light, and he knows how to compose his pictures effectively without doing violence to truth. His outlines are a trifle too soft and woolly; but this is, perhaps, Mr. Bearn's affectation, of which he will soon set himself free, when he recognises the dangers to which exaggeration in treatment lead promising artists.

A very large clock with chimes have been erected in the church tower at Mayfield, Sussex, by John Smith and Sons, Midland Clock Works, Derby. It is fitted with all the latest improvements, and the hours are struck with a 60 lb. hammer. Messrs. Smith have completed a similar clock at Myland church, near Colchester; a large Jubilee memorial clock has been completed at Goldington, near Bedford; and the same firm are making the large Jubilee memorial clock at Gravesend.



## JAPANESE ART.

It is impossible to convey within reasonable limits an adequate idea of the display of Japanese art brought together at the Fine-Art Society's Gallery (148, New Bond-street). The treasures of most of the best-known collectors, who for years have spared neither trouble nor expense, have been laid under contribution; and for the first time a systematic attempt to classify the art-productions of Japan has been made on a large scale. The branches of Japanese art which are most prominently set out comprise lac or lacquer-work, pottery and porcelain, cloisonné and other enamels, wood and ivory carvings, bronze and iron metalwork, and embroideries. All these are arranged in such a way as to help the visitor to understand the various phases through which each art successively passed; and they are catalogued and identified so accurately by a Japanese expert, Mr. Kataoka, that, doubtless, not a few will return to their owners carrying with them a brevet for which they might have waited long, and perhaps in vain. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add that without the aid of Mr. Kataoka's notes, which are summarised in the small catalogue, but will appear at length in a subsequent and larger hand-book, it is hopeless to attempt to discriminate between the styles and periods of Japanese art. The imitative power is so highly developed in that extraordinary race that it requires a vast knowledge of the subject, and of internal signs, to arrive at anything like an accurate idea of the date of an art-object. To show, moreover, the enormous range of the art-history of Japan, it may be mentioned that as early as 392 B.C. (the time of Plato at Athens) there existed a State functionary known as the "Director of the Administration of Laacs." It is not, however, to be supposed that any specimens of this early art are to be found in the present exhibition—if, indeed, any are still extant, outside the Imperial Palace in Japan itself. The collectors of the present day are happy if they can obtain examples of seventeenth or eighteenth century work. Even at this comparatively late period, however, the traditions of the old artistic Daimio lac survived, and display a delicacy of design and a perfection of workmanship by which they are distinguishable from the showy works made of cheap and perishable materials, with a profusion of gold and raised ornaments, which form the staple of modern Japanese work. The finest period of lac is reckoned to have been from 1623 to 1649; and, again, from 1681 to 1708 there were several artists who attained considerable distinction for the refinement and completeness of their work. To the earlier period belongs a writing-case (Case Q, 22) in red lac, exhibited by Mr. Ernest Hart; and presumably also the incense-holder (Case Q, 21) in maroon lac, divided into four compartments and decorated with roses in polished gold lac. A small cabinet in gold lac (Case U, 10), exhibited by Mr. G. Salting, is another instance of the exquisite work of this period, of which the official despatch-box (Case U, 16) and incense-cabinet (Case U, 22) are gems in their way. In the same cabinet there is an incense-burner (13) in gold lac of extremely delicate work, decorated with a raised landscape of the mountain Fusigama and river Fugikana, which Mr. Kataoka assigns to the sixteenth century. Some fine specimens of the earlier work of Ogato Korin, who flourished in the seventeenth century, are to be seen in the Natsuma, or Tea-jar (43), and the Paper-press (34), in green lac, which are placed in Case P. A somewhat later artist was Ozawa Ritsuo, whose works, exhibited in Case Y, are remarkable for the use he made of incrustation; and, after him, Tosei acquired renown by the invention of what came to be known as Guri-lac, which was built up of a number of layers of variously-coloured lac—which were cut through so as to show the parti-coloured strata of which the whole was composed.

The principal objects of attraction among the porcelain and pottery are the little tea-jars, which were handed down in Japanese families from generation to generation, and which not unfrequently indicated the social condition of their owners. In Case B Colonel Goff and Mr. Cutler exhibit a few noteworthy specimens of these jars; and in Case H Mr. Ernest Hart and Mr. W. J. Stuart divide pretty equally the honours of a display which comprises the work of two centuries.

The metal-work of Japan, whether we take the armour, of which so much was covered with exaggerated ornaments in order to strike terror into the enemy, or if we limit ourselves to the inspection of the sword-guards and sword-handles, alike display the most careful work, and were obviously designed equally for use and ornament. It was, however, on the sword-mounts that the Japanese lavished so much of their skill, and even a cursory study of the collection of the guards and hand-pieces lent by Mr. Ernest Gilbertson, which occupies a prominent place in the exhibition, will suffice to show the importance which the Japanese attached to this part of their equipment. The bronze-work includes temple-lanterns, incense-burners, statues and images for private worship; and at a later period, probably after intercourse with China had been opened up, groups of figures and animals were manufactured. A distinctive feature of Japanese bronze and iron work was the introduction of small quantities of gold into their metal; but the secret was also known to the Chinese, whose works, however, for the most part, fall short of the vivacity and elegance which the Japanese combined in their figures and groups. The brass and other metal works lent by Mr. Marcus B. Huish (Case I.) are also most interesting, and illustrative of a phase of art comparatively little known. The Natsuki and other figures in wood and ivory are almost countless, displaying humour and delicate fancy as well as refined work of a very high order. The well-known collections of Sir Trevor Lawrence, Mr. Seymour Trower, and Mr. Massey Mainwaring have been drawn on largely for these objects; and since none of the specimens seem to be assigned to an earlier date than the last century, it is impossible to attribute to Japanese artists that stagnation of imagination which was, probably falsely, ascribed to their rulers down to a comparatively recent period. The same remark applies also to the masks or faces, of which a fine collection is lent by Mr. Ernest Hart. Originally, these masks were used for religious or family purposes, and were often intended to keep alive that respect for the memory of ancestors which is shared by ancient Buddhists and modern Comtists. They may also have served to convey to absent friends and relations friendly greetings; but latterly—from the end of the last century—they were only used for dramatic purposes. A few only of those collections, probably, belong to the earlier period; but in any case the number of types and forms here presented, putting aside the grotesque, cannot fail to be of interest to the student of comparative physiognomy. The cloisonné and other enamels are not represented quite so strongly as some of the other works; and as to the value of the embroideries, we must waive our right to speak, in favour of a more competent authority on needle-work in its various developments. We can only say that even to the untrained male eyes, the specimens collected display a remarkable power of design, and a thoroughly artistic appreciation of colour—and that they will well repay the trouble of mounting to the first floor.

In conclusion we should say a word of appreciation of

English work and taste as displayed in the new arrangement of the outer room of these galleries, which has been transformed into a comfortable, but decorative, entrance hall worthy of a baronial mansion. To those, moreover, who are disposed to give more than a passing glance at the treasures accumulated in these rooms, we strongly recommend to take, as a supplement to the official catalogue, M. Louis Gonsse's succinct and methodical hand-book, "L'Art Japonais," which appeared a short time since in the series of works under the superintendence of the French Ministry of Fine Arts.

## THE LATE PROFESSOR BONAMY PRICE.

This esteemed scholar, who was Professor of Political Economy at the University of Oxford from 1868, died at the age of eighty, having been born in Guernsey in May, 1807. He was educated at Worcester College, Oxford, was a pupil of the Rev. Dr. Arnold. He gained double first-class honours, in classics and mathematics, at the Michaelmas term of 1829. In February, 1830, he was appointed by Dr. Arnold mathematical master at Rugby school, and in 1832 to a classical mastership. He had charge, from 1838 to 1850, of the picked division of twenty boys of the Fifth Form, from whom the Sixth Form boys were taken by competitive examination. In 1868 he was elected Professor of Political Economy, having for many years devoted much study to industrial and commercial questions, and having served on Royal Commissions of Inquiry concerning practical affairs. He published several courses of his lectures, on "The Principles of Currency," in 1869, and "Chapters in Practical Political Economy," in 1878; and he was twice president of the Economic Section of the Social Science Congress, at Cheltenham in 1878, and at Nottingham in 1882. He was one of the members of the Duke of Richmond's Royal Commission of Inquiry on the state of agriculture, and of Lord Idlesleigh's Commission of Inquiry on the depression of trade and commerce.

## THE LATE MR. ARCHIBALD McNEILL.

The tragic fate of this unfortunate journalist, who went to France, as special correspondent of the *Sportsman*, to witness and describe the Anglo-American prize-fight between James Smith and Jake Kilrain, was proved by the finding of his dead body on the sands at Boulogne, at daybreak, on the morning of Friday, Jan. 6. He had been missing since Dec. 20, when he came to Boulogne from Paris, and went on board the steam-boat for Folkestone; but returned ashore, as it is supposed, perhaps to send a telegram to London, and missed the departure of the boat, while his bag, left on board, has been recovered, containing a note-book in which he had begun to write an account of the fight. He had in his pocket a £20 bank-note, a £5 note, and less than £5 in gold. The body, which had lain many days in the sea, bore terrible marks of violence; the head and face had been repeatedly struck, apparently with some blunt instrument of circular end form, an inch and a half in diameter. There were three contused wounds on the forehead showing marks of this, and likewise in front of the left ear, and on the back part of the left side of the head; the nose also was broken, and there was a bruise on the right cheek; in the neck was a small round cut wound, and there were marks resembling strangulation. It is the opinion of the French surgeons that all these injuries would not have necessarily caused death, but they would have stunned Mr. McNeill, in which case the assailant, after robbing him, may have thrown him into the sea, and left him to be drowned. His money had been taken; but, since the discovery of the corpse, the bank-notes have been sent to the Commissaire of Police by an anonymous person, who stated that he had just picked them up on the sands. The pockets of the deceased had been emptied, and his clothes afterwards buttoned up, which could hardly have been done by himself. A man has been arrested on suspicion, but the French police inquiries are wisely conducted in secret. The *Savage Club* of London has employed a detective, Mr. Stammers, to assist in the investigation. The Portrait of Mr. McNeill is from a photograph by Mr. John Collier, New-street, Birmingham.

## THE 17TH (LEICESTERSHIRE) REGIMENT.

This famous old regiment of British infantry, now stationed at York, celebrated its bicentenary on Jan. 5, when Lieutenant-Colonel Braddell and the other officers gave a fancy-dress ball at the Assembly Rooms, in splendid style. The regiment was formed in London in 1688, under King James II.; but was first employed against him in Ireland, under William, Prince of Orange, and afterwards in Flanders, in Portugal and Spain. In the reign of George II. it bore part in the wars with the French in North America, and in the capture of Quebec; it was engaged also in the West Indies. The title of "the Leicestershire Regiment" was conferred in 1782, after serving in the American Revolution War. The regiment went to India repeatedly, and, for its services there from 1804 to 1823, obtained the distinction of bearing the Royal Tiger, with the word "Hindustan," on its colours and appointments. It was in the first Afghan War, at the capture of Ghuzni; also in the Crimea, taking part in the assaults on the Redan, and in the second Afghan War, nine years ago.

The regimental costumes at the fancy-dress ball were of historical interest, all the officers of the regiment wearing the uniform of 1688; and the militia, or 3rd battalion, officers wearing the uniform of 1788. The ball-room was decorated with flags, festoons, and warlike devices; the vestibule was furnished with antique carved oak, to represent a room in the seventeenth century. Here was a guard of honour, part of the men wearing the uniform of 1688 and part the present dress. In the large concert-room, where supper was served, the gallery was transformed into a pine forest, and the orchestra into an Indian jungle, composed of graceful palms, tree-ferns, and exotic plants. In this "jungle" was a fountain, in front of which was a real Bengal tiger. This animal, with a pikeman of 1688 and a soldier of 1888, guarded the colours of the regiment. The beautiful effect of all was enhanced by the occasional playing of limelights on different parts of the room. At the door, partly surrounded by shrubs, stood two stalwart warriors with pike and rifle. The whole of the decorations were prepared, under the superintendence of Major Moir and the Ball Committee, by Messrs. Hitchen and Squire, of Liverpool, and Messrs. Brown, Wilkinson, and Agar, of York. About 750 guests were present, among whom was his Highness the Rajah of Cooch Behar, an old friend of the regiment in India.

Mr. J. D. Charrington has given £1000 towards the liquidation of the debt on the Great Assembly Hall, Mile-End-road, of which Mr. Frederick N. Charrington is the honorary superintendent.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., has returned to the tenants on the Drayton Estate, Cumberland, 10 per cent of their rents. He has invited his tenants to consider a scheme by means of which rents shall in future be regulated by the prices of agricultural produce.

## THE LATE MR. THOS. LATIMER, OF EXETER.

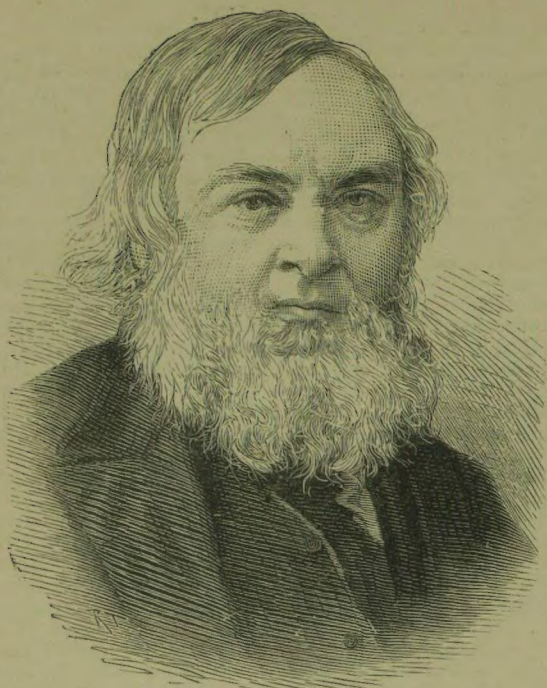
The death, in his eighty-fifth year, of this veteran provincial journalist, one of the most popular men in the west of England, has called forth local demonstrations of esteem almost unprecedented except in the case of persons of rank. Mr. Latimer, in early life, was apprenticed to a printer in Whitefriars, London, in the same office in which Samuel Phelps, the actor, Douglas Jerrold, and more than one person who afterwards rose to high eminence in the City Corporation and in London business, were then employed. He was among the first members of the London Mechanics' Institution when it was founded in 1824, and was secretary of the London Gymnastic Society, Pentonville. A project to establish a model institution for athletic training, in connection with colleges and schools on an improved plan, brought Mr. Latimer to Exeter, with a view to undertaking its direction. He once walked from Honiton to London, a distance of 157 miles, in two days, including part of the two nights, and was also one of the best swimmers known at that time. Being an earnest Liberal politician, he accepted from the Devon County Reform Club an appointment to be the reporter of meetings in the *Devonshire Chronicle*. He was the first of short-hand reporters in that part of England. After a brief connection with one or two other weekly papers at Plymouth and Exeter, he became editor of the *Western Times*, which was established by a committee of noblemen and gentlemen to advocate the cause of Reform. A year or so after the passing of the Reform Act in 1832, the management, leading ultimately to the proprietorship, of that journal was placed in Mr. Latimer's hands by the party. Speeches of Lord John Russell's, then candidate for Devonshire, were reported jointly by him and Charles Dickens, who came down for the *Morning Chronicle*. Mr. Latimer soon developed in his editorship a rare literary genius, with powers of wit, humour, and fancy which might have gained him fame hardly inferior to that of his contemporary Thomas Hood, if applied to work of a more conspicuous and less ephemeral sort. He was a writer of singular originality. Local and personal incidents were described by him in racy, homely English, in a manner free and unconventional beyond example, overflowing with Rabelaisian mirth and jest, but always aiming at the correction of manifest abuses, or the improvement of morals and manners in social life. He especially took up the championship of the principles of the Protestant Reformation against what was then called the "Tractarian" or "Puseyite" party among the clergy; and supported the independence of parochial working clergymen, and their legal rights as holders of benefices, which were threatened by various manoeuvres of episcopal administration. Hence came his open feud with Bishop Phillpotts, which for many years was watched with great amusement by those conversant with ecclesiastical politics. Its climax was a criminal prosecution for libel. The Duke of Somerset had built a chapel at Totnes on the understanding that the Bishop would consecrate it, and had appointed a minister, the Rev. James Shore, who in the interval before consecration was merely a Curate under the Bishop's license. The Bishop, disapproving of Mr. Shore's Low Church doctrine, revoked his license, and forbade him to preach. Mr. Shore then renounced his ordination in the Established Church, and registered himself as a Dissenting minister. It was found that he could not, as the law then stood, legally divest himself of canonical obligations; he was condemned by the Ecclesiastical Courts, at the Bishop's suit, and was imprisoned for non-payment of enormous costs. His case excited the sympathy of all friends of religious liberty; and the Duke of Somerset, who had intended to put Mr. Shore in the secure position of an Incumbent, complained that the Bishop had broken his promise about the chapel. The Bishop denied having given such a promise, and the *Western Times* accused the Bishop of uttering an untruth. This was the libel for which Mr. Latimer was indicted. His counsel, Mr. Alexander Cockburn, Q.C., afterwards Lord Chief Justice, made a brilliant defence, but was excluded by the ruling of Baron Platt from entering into the proof of other instances of arbitrary conduct, pleaded in justification of public criticism of the Bishop's dealings with the clergy and with the patronage of livings. A verdict of guilty was returned, but Mr. Latimer was never called up for sentence. On this and several other occasions, he received handsome testimonials of public approval from his neighbours in Exeter and Devonshire, where the virtues of his private life were known to all, and he was a great social favourite with people high and low for his genial, kindly, and engaging disposition. Indeed, he was one of the humanest and merriest of men. He was a Magistrate, and for some years one of the Town Council of Exeter. He continued to write for the *Western Times* within a month of his death, having been constantly employed in journalism during sixty-one years, a length of service unequalled, we believe, in the English newspaper world. His funeral, on Tuesday, Jan. 10, was attended by the Mayor and Corporation, in State, by the magistracy and some of the clergy, and by deputations from public institutions, from political associations, and from many towns of Devonshire. A brother, Mr. Isaac Latimer, has a daily paper at Plymouth. The Portrait of Mr. Latimer is from a photograph taken in 1868 by Mr. Owen Angel, of Exeter.

## FASTNET ROCK AND LIGHTHOUSE.

In the late storm, an overhanging piece of the rock gave way; but this did not affect the lighthouse or the huts. It is an isolated sea rock, the most southerly portion of Ireland, rising, with nearly perpendicular sides, 97 feet from the water. The illustration is from a Sketch, by the late Mr. Andrew Wyley, taken about thirty-five years ago, soon after the light was lit, and before the stone huts were built for the men. The lantern was the first prismatic light erected. Before then, the light was on Cape Clear Island; but this was found too high, and was invisible during fogs. The rock, being liable to split, is bound with iron. There is scarcely more than room for the lighthouse and huts. In very fine weather, you can land; but more often you have to ascend and descend in a "breeches," fixed with running gear to the end of a swinging gaff, at the eastern side of the rock. The attending boat comes out every day, if possible, and, if it can get near enough, lands the water and provisions by means of the gaff; but if not, the men on the rocks throw out a log fixed to a rope, by which the provisions are hauled up in waterproof bags.

Medals and prizes awarded by jurors to the most successful competitors at the recent exhibition of works of industry and art by East London apprentices, at the People's Palace, were distributed by Lady Hay Currie at a large meeting of fully 3000 persons in the Queen's Hall. Sir John Jennings, late master of the Drapers' Company, who presided, stated that the exhibition had had a most successful career, and had attracted a considerable amount of attention to apprentices and apprenticeship. He concluded an able address by offering congratulations to Sir E. Hay-Currie, the principal promoter of the People's Palace. Fifty-five handsome and substantial silver medals, and 700 in bronze, impressed with the same device were presented.

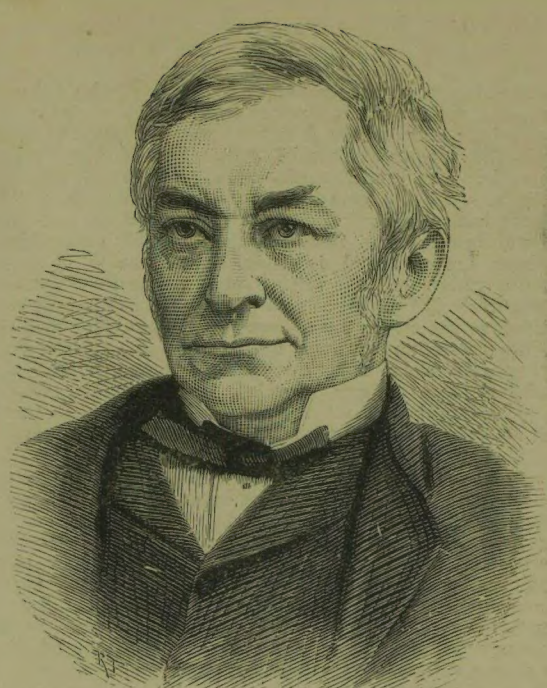




THE LATE MR. THOMAS LATIMER,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR OF THE "WESTERN TIMES," EXETER.



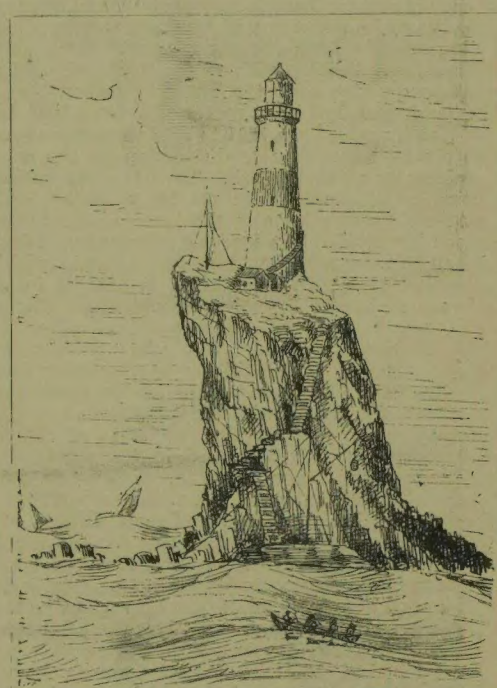
THE LATE MR. ARCHIBALD M'NEILL, JOURNALIST,  
SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN MURDERED AT BOULOGNE.



THE LATE PROFESSOR BONAMY PRICE, M.A.,  
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.



BICENTENARY CELEBRATION OF THE 17TH REGIMENT AT YORK: COSTUME OF THE REGIMENT IN 1688 AND 1783.



FASTNET ROCK AND LIGHTHOUSE, CAPE CLEAR.



INSPECTION OF A RUSSIAN MILITARY BAKERY AT WARSAW.—SKETCH BY M. PAROWSEKI.





ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT: RUSSIA.—COSSACKS OF THE GUARD FROM THE URAL, CROSSING A RIVER.



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

By a curious coincidence, Mr. Beerbohm Tree was soon able to prove in his own person, and to justify, many of the critical remarks that had been made concerning the old German husband in "Partners." It was urged in some quarters that Mr. Tree was always seen to the greatest advantage in characters requiring subtlety and observation rather than power. No sooner said than done. Chance brought into the actor's possession a new play by Mr. Hamilton Aidé, called "Incognito," and it was recently enacted at the Haymarket for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund. The story is slight, but not uninteresting; and it contains much of that delicate, thoughtful, and tasty work that has distinguished the other contributions of Mr. Aidé to the stage—notably, "A Nine Days' Wonder" at the Court, and "Philip," produced by Mr. Irving at the Lyceum. Our author has a good eye for a dramatic situation, and he writes like an observant man of the world. The interest of the story turns upon the grave situation of a woman, who has been separated from her wicked husband for twenty years, and who has concealed from him the fact that a son was born to her after their separation, discovering this lost husband at the feet of her most intimate friend and asking her hand in marriage. The character of the cool scoundrel and man of the world falls to Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and that of the sorrowful wife to Miss Genevieve Ward, who has returned to London after a long and regretted absence. The scene between the husband and wife, when at last they are brought face to face, is very finely played by both artists. The well-bred air and cynical indifference of the one is opposed to the passionate and pathetic despair of the other. To witness such art as this is a rare treat to the playgoer, who is too often palmed off with what is false, tricky, and meretricious. But on this occasion there was excellent acting all round. The comedy performance of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree was really of first-class excellence—every sentence nicely pointed; the character of the vain, good-hearted, and, withal, spoiled woman thoroughly understood. The audience also discovered that young Mr. Sidney Brough is working up or shaping into an excellent actor, who will do credit to the talented family from which he springs. It is to be feared that there is not quite sufficient ballast and material in "Incognito" to make it a safe venture to produce it at the regular evening programme; but the acting all round was as good as anyone could reasonably desire.

In fact, it has been the distinguishing feature of the week, this clever comedy-playing; for the old "Scrap of Paper" has been revived at the St. James's, and seems to go better than ever. This is one of the excellent pieces of work that bears the wear and tear of time. Though old and familiar, it is ever true. We have watched the compromising little love-letter pass through the hands of Fargueil and Brindeau, of Alfred and Mrs. Wigan, of Charles Mathews and his wife, and of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and the same spirit of comedy is maintained. The performance of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal as Colonel Blake and Susan Hartley is well known. They seem to revel in the ingenious fun and clever complications of the play, and though they act now in a broader style than they were accustomed to do, they cause as much laughter and applause as they used to do when their art was more minute and elaborate. To the great delight of the many patrons of this theatre, Mr. John Hare has returned to the stage, and once more gives a very comical rendering of old Dr. Penguin, the naturalist. A past master in the art of "make-up," Mr. Hare in this instance gives us not a picture only, but a person, and in this case a *persona grata*. He enlivens the play wherever he is on the scene, he causes endless amusement by his quaint, odd ways; and now that the St. James's company has been strengthened by the presence, once more, of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, all goes merrily, and a healthy career is in store for the "Scrap of Paper."

A clever little farce, called "Lot 49," from the German of Von Moser, written by Mr. Fisher, has been added to the Gaiety programme, a miniature play so lively, containing such a genuinely comic idea, and, on the whole, so well acted, that it is worth while leaving the dinner-table a little earlier in order to catch the farce before the extravaganza begins. Mr. Cyril Maude, a clever young actor, Miss Emma Gwynne, a promising young actress, and that comical comedian, Mr. George Stone, are all engaged in the farce, and on the first night it went with roars of laughter, due as much to the way it was handled as to the intrinsic merits of the piece itself.

Good luck has attended "Frankenstein," after all. The original book, by Richard Henry, has been brought back, the show has been curtailed so as not to interrupt the story, and the dramatist has at last been attended to—that luckless individual who is at the tender mercy of the sight-loving stage manager. We can now see what the whole thing means, and such inimitable artists as Miss Farren and Mr. F. Leslie can force their way through the crowd of supernumeraries and show us what fun is in them. Miss Farren's new song about the costermonger's donkey; the duet between Miss Farren and Mr. Leslie, describing the ages of man from childhood to old age; Mr. Leslie's imitation of various instruments in the orchestra, and his capitally delivered patter about the "specials" in Trafalgar-square, are the gems of the re-edited burlesque. Mr. Lonnen, in accordance with general desire, has brought back "Killaloe" instead of "The Dispensary Doctor"; and the house is crowded nightly to see an entertainment that is as lively and clever as any that preceded it at the popular Gaiety.

The numerous admirers of Mr. Wilson Barrett, who are anxious that he should not be forgotten as a classical and romantic as well as a melodramatic actor, have persuaded him to give a few matinees of first-class work. The first has been devoted to Hamlet, the character that attracted most attention in America, notwithstanding the great popularity of Edwin Booth, who at one time was considered as the Hamlet of America. Mr. Wilson Barrett's new readings and fresh impulsive rendering of young Hamlet are well known, and require little further comment. Hamlet in itself is a liberal education, and it is well to put it up occasionally in order to relieve the stage from much that is vulgar and commonplace. When opportunity offers, the Globe matinees will no doubt be devoted to "Claudian" and "Clito"—plays that must always be associated with the nervous force and poetical treatment of Mr. Wilson Barrett, Miss Eastlake, and his clever company.

"Fascination," the clever "improbable" comedy by Robert Buchanan and Miss Jay, will be produced this week, too late for special notice in this article; and changes are imminent at the Opera Comique, where poor Lena Despard will soon take poison for the last time and enable Mrs. Bernard Beere to change her play and become a good woman in a powerful dramatised novel by Mrs. Campbell Praed.

Mr. Edgar B. Skeet will give a dramatic recital and concert at Bloomsbury Hall, on Wednesday evening, Jan. 25.

Mr. D'Oyly Carte presided at the annual meeting of the Actors' Benevolent Fund held on Jan. 13 on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre. The report, which stated that the expenditure during the year amounted to £2770, and the receipts to £2322, was adopted.

## PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Jan. 17.

During the recent Congress of Versailles it will be remembered that the Municipal Council of Paris made all kinds of preparations for re-establishing the Commune at Paris. This conduct has been made the subject of an interpellation in the Chamber of Deputies. The debate was important, and in the course of it the Tirard Cabinet showed such weakness that, in spite of the final vote of confidence which it obtained, we may expect soon to see its fall. Thus France will continue to suffer from a chronic political crisis, as usual. The simple facts of the case are these. There exists at Paris a central revolutionary committee, composed of members of the Commune of 1871; in each arrondissement of Paris there is a district revolutionary committee; the majority of the Municipal Council of Paris is more or less in sympathy with the revolutionaries; and during the recent Congress the Municipal Council acted in concert with the revolutionary committees in view of exercising pressure on the Legislative Assembly, and preventing the election of M. Jules Ferry to the Presidency. The Municipal Council is a seditious and dangerous body; but what can be done with it? The proposed remedy is to install the Prefect of the Seine in his legal residence, which is the Hôtel de Ville. This the Municipal Council will never allow, and the autonomist majority, counting on the support of the population of Paris, intends to resist the Government to the bitter end until it has obtained the realisation of its programme, which consists of controlling the police, the budget, the charities, and the educational establishments of the capital. The result of the struggle can hardly be foreseen.

The Parisians continue to watch with interest the début of M. Carnot in his new career of President, and it is pleasant to be able to record his growing popularity. The present democratic régime in France is still strongly tempered by souvenirs of Monarchy; M. Carnot seems to have fully recognised this fact, and he is spending his salary most freely in keeping up a semblance of regal state which for the moment takes the form of weekly dinners and receptions at the Elysée, shooting parties at Marly, and frequent appearances at the State theatres. M. Carnot has accepted an invitation to dine with the Austrian ambassador, Count Hoyos, and in consequence the principle is established that, in future, he will dine with any ambassador who honours him with an invitation. This is a great change. President Grévy never dined out. Marshal MacMahon during the Exhibition of 1878 accepted invitations to fêtes given in honour of Princes belonging to reigning families only.

Paris has been gifted with a new theatre, called the Théâtre d'Application; and another, to be called the Théâtre Spécial de Musique, is in course of creation, with a view to satisfying the wants of the admirers of Wagner and of the somniferous musical drama. The Théâtre d'Application is due to the initiative of M. Bodinier, the secretary of the Comédie Française; it enjoys the patronage of the Ministry of Fine Arts, and, luckily for the enterprise, it has been at once proclaimed fashionable, and the subscription lists are rapidly filling. The directors of this theatre, which is charmingly installed at No. 18, Rue Saint Lazare, are the eminent actors, MM. Gct, Delaunay, Worms, and Maubant, and the actors are the pupils of the Conservatoire. It is destined to be a practising stage for young actors and actresses, and in a certain measure it will be a training-school for the Comédie Française. Apropos of theatres, it appears from the reports on the Budget of 1888 that, in spite of its subvention—800,000 f.—the Opéra has again ended the year with a heavy deficit. The Comédie Française, on the other hand, with a subvention of 240,000 f., is prosperous, and the actors have shared amongst themselves 423,300 f. profit. From 1841 to 1887 the total receipts of the Comédie Française amounted to 39,741,050 f. The tax paid out of this sum for public charities was 4,538,335 f., and the total of authors' fees was 5,655,117 f. The annual attendance at the Comédie Française of late years has been nearly half a million persons.

The French Association for the propagation of the Volapük universal language has just held its annual meeting. It appears that the language is now employed by about 14,000 commercial houses, all of second or third rate importance; that there are 172 societies for the propagation of the language, and thirteen Volapük newspapers. The French Association numbers 310 members. The language is occupying attention from the Caucasus to Salt Lake City.

The charming painter, Edouard De Beaumont, has just died, after a long and painful illness, at the age of sixty-nine. His finest work consists of water-colours, especially of the beautiful series of illustrations of the "Contes de Perrault," which have been facsimiled in colour by Bousso, Valadon, and Co. M. De Beaumont has bequeathed to the Cluny Museum some forty swords and daggers, worth more than £20,000. Some of these treasures he had described in two sumptuous volumes, "L'Épée et les Femmes" and "La Fleur des belles Épées," and he has left ready for publication four volumes on the "Histoire des Épées de France."

T. C.

On Sunday, Jan. 15, the Pope celebrated mass in St. Peter's in honour of the canonisation of the founders of the religious order of the Servants of Mary and of three members of the Society of Jesus.

The Emperor William is fast regaining health. On Jan. 14 the Prussian Diet was opened. It was stated in the Speech from the Throne that the condition of the finances is favourable beyond expectation.

The Army Committee of the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet has adopted the Government Bill for calling out the reservists for seven days' drill in the use of the repeating rifle.

It was New-Year's Day on Jan. 13 at St. Petersburg, where the Old Style is still observed; and at the Winter Palace the Czar held his receptions, having previously distributed his New-Year's honours. In acknowledging the congratulations of the city of Moscow, the Czar expresses a firm hope that the year will be one of peace and prosperity.—The Czar has sanctioned the morganatic marriage of the Grand Duke Nicholas, who is thirty-one years of age, with Madame Bourenine, who is forty years old.

The suit instituted by the Government of British Columbia against the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, to recover a bond of £50,000 for failure to build the railway to English Bay in the agreed time, has been decided against the company by the Chief Justice.

Terrible snowstorms are reported from the Western States of America. Railway trains have been blocked for days, and it is stated that more than 100 people have been frozen to death. News from Bonny states that a British protectorate has been declared over the Oil Rivers from the right bank of the Benue to the Rio del Rey. All the markets of the interior have been thrown open.

The sitting of the Australasian Federal Council was opened at Hobart, on Jan. 16, by Sir R. G. Hamilton, Governor of Tasmania. Sir Samuel Griffith, Premier of Queensland, was appointed chairman. The deliberations of the Council extended over three days.

## ARMIES OF THE CONTINENT—RUSSIA: THE COSSACKS.

Illustrations of the Cossack Artillery, and of a picquet of Cossack Cavalry on the banks of the Pruth, appeared in our publication of Jan. 7, with some account of the organisation of that part of the Russian Army. Further particulars may here be mentioned. The Don Cossacks, from which tribe the Cossack artillerymen and a large portion of the cavalry are drawn, have uniform and equipment differing from those of the Cossacks of the Caucasus. Holding their lands by military tenure, all are bound to serve in the army; only priests, physicians, and teachers, as a rule, being exempt from this obligation. Each Cossack, with his family, occupies ninety acres of land, paying no rent, but having to serve fifteen years in the army, three of them in the Imperial Guard, at his own expense. The soldier may not sell his land—it belongs to him only by right of service; but when he is away with the colours, the other members of the family have to till the land. The officers hold more land, in proportion to their rank, general officers having as much as three or four thousand acres. At the age of nineteen, every Don Cossack takes the military oath and joins his regiment. His fifteen years of active service are divided into two periods: from nineteen to twenty-two he is considered a recruit, and his time is occupied with instruction and home service; between the ages of twenty-two and thirty-four, he serves in the second division of the army, and is liable to active service away from home, being a fully trained soldier; and, lastly, from thirty-four to thirty-nine, he is in the reserve, and remains at home on furlough, only being called out to fill the gaps in the second division in case of a war. Our Artist's drawing represents Ural Cossacks of the Guard crossing a river. The sketch of the inspection of a military bakery at Warsaw is furnished by one of our correspondents in Poland.

## NEW BOOKS.

*Austral Africa; Losing it or Ruling it.* By John Mackenzie. Two vols. (Sampson Low and Co.).—This book, as the name implies, deals with our colonial policy in Southern Africa. It is written by a man who has had an experience of over a quarter of a century in that region. Mr. Mackenzie may be looked upon as the successor of Dr. Moffat; he superintended the erection of the Moffat Institution at Kuruman, in Bechuanaland, where Moffat had long laboured. When the Protectorate of Bechuanaland was undertaken, in 1884, Mr. Mackenzie, for his recognised knowledge of the country, as well as of the people, and his personal influence among them, was chosen to act as the Deputy Commissioner representing the Imperial Government. The details of his own experience, while acting in this capacity, as well as the chronicle of Sir Charles Warren's proceedings, who came out as "Special Commissioner," give much interest to this book. All who have studied the history of British official doings with the native races and the sturdy Dutch Boers, outside the Cape Colony, during fifteen years past, will agree that there has been a shameful want of consistency. The political system is absurd. It has often been recommended that the High Commissioner should be a separate appointment from that of the Governor of the Cape Colony. The two functions in one man have not been successful. A man who would represent the Imperial Government should be above local politics; such a man, with his eye on the whole, would prevent local blunders, which have so often led to "little wars," growing up at times to very serious affairs. It would be his duty to understand each part, and to keep the home Government properly informed. In Bechuanaland there are thousands of acres of land placed at the disposal of the Government, about 4000 ft. above the sea, and well adapted by the climate for Europeans. All that is wanted is "law and order," which can easily be maintained if the necessary measures be taken. This is not the only value of Bechuanaland; from its position it is the key to the whole of Central Africa south of the Equator. If the Transvaal were to occupy it our "outlook" would be stopped, and we should be limited to the ground we at present hold. Colonists do not rush to the Cape as to America or Australia; still, their numbers increase, and would do so faster if there were certainty in our policy. Bechuanaland would soon be a populous region, and we should possess the highway to the north, which is the trade route of the future. This advance, Mr. Mackenzie thinks, we must either achieve or retreat altogether, and have no connection with the Cape beyond that of a "coaling station." The author is anxious for this "advance" line of action, not only in the interests of the whites, but also in the interests of the natives who, under the freebooting mode of occupation, would soon be exterminated. Mr. Mackenzie speaks of the natives, of whom he has had a long experience, in a wise and generous tone, which ought to be commended. South Africa is not a region where archaeological remains are a feature of interest. The native races there have never reached a condition of building much beyond "wattle-and-dab;" only a few remains of old stone walls have been found. The most important of these are at Zimbabwe, or Mazimbaoe, lat. 20 deg. 15 min. S., long. 31 deg. 57 min. E.; and at Tati, lat. about 21 deg. S., long. 28 deg. E. There is one interesting point connected with these walls; they are situated, in both cases, where gold has been found, and the inference drawn is that the mines have been worked at some former time by a people who did not belong to the country. Ornaments were found cut on the stones; and one authority, Herr Petermann, gave it as his opinion that the style was neither Arab nor Portuguese, but he believed they were specimens of Phœnician art. If this judgment be correct, it is evidence which might be used by anyone who proposed to place the site of Ophir in Austral Africa. Among the ruins are round towers, which Mr. Mackenzie concludes were "Towers of Refuge," erected by the strangers employed at the mines, so that they could find a place of safety in case of any sudden attack from the natives. He fortifies his theory by the representation of "Towers of Refuge," on the Persian and the Afghan frontier, which recently appeared in the *Illustrated London News*, sent home to us by Mr. W. Simpson, who supplies a sketch of one of them to illustrate Mr. Mackenzie's book. The similarity of the Central Asian to the African Towers is certainly very striking; there is in both a peculiar lozenge-shaped pattern, produced by the manner of building; but this might be from accident. The Persians were not likely to have ever been gold-diggers in their part of the world. If anyone would be at the trouble to dig into the ground about these remains in South Africa, some coins or other simple articles might be found, which would tell us who had been at work there in the past. Mr. Mackenzie speaks very modestly of his own work. He says that if he were asked which is the most important chapter of this book, he would reply, the map of Africa. It certainly helps to illustrate the author's ideas; but we would recommend everyone to read the book, so that the map will be understood.

A public dinner to Mr. Walter Besant was held at the Victoria Hall, Southsea, on Jan. 19. There were about 400 present, representing all classes of the community.





«THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS»  
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.



MUSIC.

Miss Fanny Davies was again the solo pianist at the Popular Concert of Saturday afternoon, Jan. 14, when she played, with admirable mechanism and style, Beethoven's sonata in D, from Op. 10. The programme comprised Haydn's bright and genial string quartet in A major (Op. 20, No. 6), and closed with Beethoven's septet for string and wind instruments, which included Madame Norman-Néruda and MM. Strauss and Piatti in association with MM. Lazarus, Paersch, Wotton, and Reynolds. Notwithstanding its many repetitions at these concerts, the septet exercises an undiminished amount of attraction. Mrs. Henschel was the vocalist at the concert referred to, and rendered songs by Haydn, Wagner, and Liszt with refined expression. At the concert of the following Monday evening, Miss F. Davies re-appeared, and executed, with fine mechanism and style, the principal part in a new pianoforte trio, the other instruments having been skillfully sustained by Madame Norman-Néruda and Signor Piatti. The work is the composition of Mr. J. A. Dykes, a son of the late Rev. J. B. Dykes, formerly Precentor of Durham Cathedral, and one of the editors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern"—who was a cultivated musician. The son has studied composition under eminent masters abroad, and pianoforte playing with Madame Schumann. His trio, as the production of a young student, has much merit and promise. He would seem to be largely under the influence of Brahms' style, and vagueness and diffuseness are very apparent in the work now referred to, in which, however, there are occasional passages of power, and much elaborate writing for the pianoforte, in which the capacities of the instrument are effectively displayed. With the cultivation of a more definite purpose in leading themes and their treatment, and with more concentration in the structure of his movements, Mr. Dykes may produce something of greater value than the work by which he is first made known here. The trio was finely played and warmly applauded, and the composer was called forward. There was but one vocal piece in Monday's concert—Sir Arthur Sullivan's song, "Orpheus with his lute"—in which Miss Bertha Moore's bright soprano voice and delicate upper range were successfully displayed. The programme closed with Schubert's octet, assigned to the same exponents as in Saturday's performance of Beethoven's septet, plus Mr. L. Ries.

On Saturday afternoon, Jan. 14, a concert was given at the Japanese Hall, Albert-gate, under the direction of Mr. Hiram Henton. An orchestra of about forty instrumentalists performed some popular pieces, and solos on the cornet and clarinet were effectively rendered, respectively, by Mr. Howard Reynolds and Master R. Smith. The chief feature of the concert, however, was the appearance of Mr. Sims Reeves, who sang favourite ballads with his accustomed success. Other vocal pieces were contributed by Madame Bauermeister, Misses H. D. Alton, M. Hare, and F. Joyce, Mr. H. Reeves, and Mr. B. Foote. The concerts thus instituted will doubtless prove attractive to the surrounding neighbourhood.

Mr. John Boosey's first evening Ballad Concert of the year took place during the current week at St. James's Hall, with a varied programme, including the co-operation of several eminent artists and the choir specially associated with these concerts.

Interesting pianoforte recitals were given during this week—on Jan. 16, by M. De Pachmann at St. James's Hall; and, on the following afternoon, by M. Gustav Pradeau at Prince's Hall. On the earlier occasion the programme comprised a grand fugue by Bach, a sonata by Beethoven, and pieces by Schumann, Madame De Pachmann, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Henselt, and Liszt—in which the executant successfully displayed his well-known skill and characteristic style. M. Pradeau's recital was the first of a series of four appropriated to performances of Schumann's pianoforte music. The earliest selection comprised the sonata in F sharp minor (Op. 11), the fantasia in C major (Op. 17), and several smaller pieces. To play Schumann's pianoforte music after the inimitable performances of his gifted widow (so fresh in the recollection of many) is an arduous task. M. Pradeau possesses much executive power and technical skill, which were displayed in his rendering of Tuesday's programme. An occasional want of clear enunciation of Schumann's somewhat difficult rhythm was the chief defect in an otherwise clever performance.

Of the performance of Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" by the Sacred Harmonic Society at St. James's Hall on Jan. 19, and of that of Berlioz's "Faust" music, by the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society at Kensington on the same evening, we must speak next week.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 25, Burns' Anniversary Scotch Festival will be given at the Albert Hall.

M. Henri Logé's first of three morning concerts, at Steinway Hall, was announced for Jan. 19.

Under the title of the "Victoria Musical Society" some eminent West-End firms have established amateur performances by their employés, under the conductorship of Mr. L. C. Venables, and with the warm advocacy of the Early-Closing Association. A concert recently given at the Portman Rooms displayed much merit, and promised well for progressive advancement in an object that reflects high credit on its promoters.

The death is reported, from Paris, of Stephen Heller. He was born in 1815 at Pesth, but passed the greater portion of his artistic life in the French capital. His compositions—almost exclusively for the pianoforte, and chiefly for a single performer—are numerous and excellent. In scarcely any is there an instance of weakness or triviality, and in all refinement of style and romantic idealism prevail, together with a luxuriance of passage-writing that has scarcely ever been transcended by any other composer for the instrument. His studies are not only excellent as exercises in mechanism, but have an intrinsic charm and interest as music that place them above nearly all other works of their class. Heller was an executant of a very high order, technically and intellectually; but he was rarely heard in public. As a composer of pianoforte music his death leaves a void that there seems small prospect of being immediately filled.

A concert and theatrical performance took place in the Townhall, Chelsea, on Tuesday, in aid of the relief of distress among the poor. Lady William Lennox, Miss Alice Gomes, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Scott-Gatty, and many others took part.

A marble bust of the late Mr. Justice Quain, by Mr. Thomas Woolner, R.A., has been placed in the Middle Temple Hall, which also contains busts of the Prince of Wales, Lord Eldon, Lord Stowell and Plowden.

Lord Lothian stated to a deputation representing the Convention of Royal Burghs in Scotland that he concurred with the suggestion that matters particularly Scottish should be managed in Scotland. He believed that next Session a Local Government Bill for England would have precedence over that for Scotland. He thought a Bill could be introduced and passed which would give satisfaction to the people of Scotland.

CHES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.  
SAUNDERSFOOT.—The Knight cannot be moved in the position described.  
C. H. (Chancery-lane).—We do not know the address of the City Banks Chess Club.  
H. S. T.—There is no Black Queen on the diagram of problem No. 2283.  
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2277 received from Lance-Corporal P. Edwards (Bareilly, India); of No. 2278 from Colonelist (Toronto); of No. 2281 from Lady Thomas (Constantinople); Snytna, and W. Von Beverhoudt; of No. 2282 from Columbus, G. Tortello (Vigo), D. McCoy, T. G. (Ware), Charles Walker, T. Roberts, Emile Frau, J. Dudley, H. R. A., Henry G. King, A. G. Bagot, and Colonel Hugh W. Pearson.  
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2283 received from Mrs. Kelly, T. T. B. (Black-rock), C. E. W. Rev. Winfield Cooper, J. A. Schmucke, Colonel Hugh W. Pearson, E. Casella (Paris), R. H. Brooks, Joseph Ainsworth, Hereward, C. Barragh, R. Twedell, Shadforth, A. C. W. (Dover), Jupiter Junior, J. Hopworth Shaw, J. D. Tucker, E. Featherstone, L. Desanges, Ben Nevis, Major Prichard, H. Lucas, Thomas Chown, Otto Fulder, North-Bac, R. F. N. Banks, R. L. Southwell, W. R. Rallem, D. McCoy, E. Elsbury, Columbus, T. Roberts, Emile Frau, S. Bullen, Peterhouse, L. Wyman, Commander W. L. Martin (R.N.), B. H. C. (Salisbury), C. Oswald, R. Worters, N. S. Harris, E. E. H., H. Wardell, S. Chapple, Bernard Reynolds, Lieut.-Col. Lorraine, C. E. P., Laura Greaves, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, Polcaxe, Submarine (Dover), J. Greenep, E. Loudon, J. R. (Whitley), T. G. (Ware), and W. G. Robson.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2282.

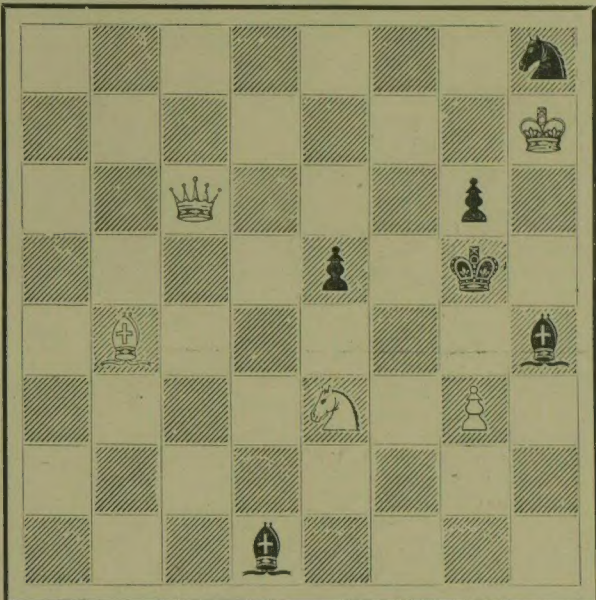
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to R 8th K to B 3rd  
2. Kt takes P (dis. ch) K to Kt 2nd  
3. P to R 6th. Mate.

NOTE.—If Black play 1. K to Q 5th, or 1. P to B 3rd, White continues with 2. Q to R sq (ch); if 1. B takes P (Kt 3rd), then 2. Q to K 4th (ch); if 1. R to Kt 6th, or 1. R to Kt 8th, or 1. B to B 6th, then 2. Kt to B 3rd (ch); and if any other move, then 2. Q to Q 5th (ch), mating in each case on the third move.

PROBLEM No. 2285.

By G. HEATHCOTE (Manchester).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHES IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

A brilliant little *partie* played at the Adelaide Chess Club, between Messrs. H. CHARLICK and G. H. D. GOSSIP, quoted from the *Adelaide Observer*.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. Q to K R 4th	P to K Kt 3rd
2. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd		
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
4. Castles	B to B 4th		
5. P to Q Kt 4th			
A novel variety of the Evergreen			
Evans' Gambit.			
6. P to B 3rd	B takes Kt P		
7. Q to B 2nd	B to R 4th		
8. P to Q 4th	Castles		
9. P to K 5th	P takes Q P		
10. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th		
11. B takes Kt	Kt to K 5th		
12. Q takes P	P takes B		
13. Kt to K 5th	P takes P		

White has lost two pawns, but has obtained a strong attack.

THE BRITISH CHESS CLUB.

Played in December last between Messrs. G. E. WAINWRIGHT and F. N. BRAUND.

(Two Knights' Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	20. K to R sq	P to Q 5th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	21. B to Q B 4th	P takes Kt
3. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	22. B takes Kt (ch)	K to R sq
4. Castles	B to B 4th	23. Q to K B 3rd	Q to Q 5th
5. P to Q Kt 4th		24. B to K 3rd	B to R 4th

This attempt to graft an Evans' Gambit on the Two Knights' defence does not turn out successful. It takes us out of the groove, however, of a rather dull opening.

5. P to B 3rd	B takes Kt P	25. Q to Kt 2nd	
6. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd		
7. P to K 5th	P takes P		
8. P to K sq	Kt to K 5th		
9. R to K sq	Kt to Q 4th		
10. B to Q Kt 5th	Castles		
11. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt		
12. P takes Kt	P to Q B 3rd		
13. B to B sq	B to K B 4th		
14. P to B 3rd	Kt to Kt 4th		
15. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to K 3rd		
16. P to Kt 4th	B to K 3rd		
17. P to B 4th	P to K B 4th		
18. P to Kt 5th	P to K 4th		
19. P takes P	B takes P (ch)		

Play in the City Club Tournament, undoubtedly the largest ever organised in any part of the world, has now been resumed after a brief recess during the Christmas holidays. The three months' fighting has thinned the ranks, but there are still over a hundred competitors in the field. The score in the three principal sections is as follows:—

No. 1.				No. 2.			
Played.	Won.			Played.	Won.		
Pollock ..	9	7		Coupland ..	11	9	
Mocatta ..	8	6		Winter Wood ..	11	9	
Jacobs ..	10	7		Smith ..	11	9	
Block ..	9	6		Ross ..	11	9	

No. 3.			
Played.	Won.		
Lucas ..	11	9	
Hamburger ..	10	8	
Stiebel ..	11	8	
Durrant ..	10	7	

In the other seven sections the contest is equally close, and the ultimate winners are still "dark horses." The tourney is played at the City Chess Club, 17, Newgate-street.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the seal of the Sheriff of Berwick, of the trust disposition and settlement, dated Jan. 6, 1876, with three codicils (dated April 27 and Dec. 10, 1885, and June 25, 1886), of Sir William Miller, Bart., late of Manderston, in the county of Berwick, who died on Oct. 10 last, was resealed in London on Jan. 16, granted to Dame Mary Ann Leith or Miller, the widow, James Archibald Marshall, John Jordan, Frederick Pitman, and William Hugh Murray, the executors nominate, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom exceeding £1,023,000.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty, who is in excellent health, drives out nearly every day, being generally accompanied by Princess Beatrice. The Queen and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg attended Divine service at Whippingham church on Sunday morning, Jan. 15. Lady Southampton, Lady-in-Waiting, and Major A. J. Bigge, C.B., Equerry-in-Waiting, were in attendance. The Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. Canon Prothero, officiated, and the Dean of Windsor preached the sermon. The Rev. H. B. Vale read the lessons. On Jan. 16 the Spanish Ambassador, Señor Cipriano del Mazo, was introduced to an audience of her Majesty by the Right Hon. Henry Matthews, and presented his new credentials as Spanish Ambassador. Princess Beatrice was present. Colonel C. B. Euan-Smith, C.S.I., British Agent and Consul-General at Zanzibar, and Lieutenant-Colonel John Clerk arrived. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby, the Hon. Mrs. North Dalrymple, Colonel Euan-Smith, and Lieutenant-Colonel Clerk had the honour of dining with her Majesty and the Royal family. On Jan. 17 Sir Morell Mackenzie had the honour of being received by her Majesty, and gave very satisfactory accounts of the Crown Prince.

The Prince of Wales visited Madame Tussaud's exhibition on Jan. 13, and in the evening his Royal Highness, with the Duchess of Mecklenberg-Strelitz, occupied the Royal box at Drury-Lane Theatre, and witnessed the performance of "Puss in Boots." The Prince returned on Jan. 14 to Sandringham, where the Princess, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud, had remained during the week. The German Ambassador, Count Hatzfeldt; the Turkish Ambassador, Rustem Pasha; the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, Lord and Lady George Hamilton, Sir Lyon Playfair, M.P., General Sir Frederick Stephenson, Colonel Sir Edward Bradford, and the Rev. Canon Duckworth, Chaplain to the Queen, arrived at Sandringham in the afternoon, on a visit to the Prince and Princess. On Sunday, Jan. 15, the Prince and Princess and their daughters, accompanied by the guests in the house, and attended by the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at the church of St. Mary Magdalene in the park. The Rev. E. Heseltine, Curate of West Newton, Sandringham, officiated, and the sermon was preached by Canon Duckworth. The Prince arrived at Marlborough House on Jan. 17 from Sandringham, and in the evening was present at a banquet given in celebration of the jubilee of the Army and Navy Club, the Duke of Cambridge, president, being the guest of the evening.—Prince Albert Victor of Wales terminated his visit to Earl and Countess Brownlow, at Belton House.

SKETCHES IN BERLIN.

The Prussian capital, which has become the head of the German Empire, with all its political and military importance, and with a largely increased population, is by no means the most attractive of European cities. Its palaces, monuments, streets, public edifices, and parks or gardens, in spite of a stately spaciousness, fail to impress the mind with a sentiment of characteristic national grandeur. Berlin society, likewise, though including many eminent persons besides those connected with the Court and Government, is scarcely the most refined and intellectual in Germany. Popular manners there, as exhibited in places of public recreation, or in the common thoroughfares, appear less agreeable than in Bavarian, Swabian, and Austrian towns. Our Sketches, indeed, though by a French artist, M. Mars, are not likely to represent Berlin scenes, or the ways of Berliners, in a disparaging point of view. The Prussians have certainly won in Europe that respect which is due to masterly energy and determination, and to fighting and commanding power, however deficient they may be in the graces, amenities, and pleasing arts of life. They are, perhaps, seen to better advantage in uniform and under arms, whether on the parade-ground, the march, or the battle-field, than when taking their ease in the city. This remark, of course, would not apply to the most cultured class, or to the ladies and gentlemen sitting in the orchestra stalls at the theatre, who bestow their critical approval on dramatic or musical performances of high merit. The company at the Bierhalle, clattering their glasses and calling for a fresh supply of their favourite beverage, do not offend one another by habits to which they are accustomed, and with which a stranger need nowise meddle. Other scenes delineated by our Artist are the street view, with a helmeted policeman and two coachmen, in big overcoats, trying to keep themselves warm, unlike the lightly-dressed ladies walking near the pillar on which advertisements are placarded; the skaters on a pond in the Thiergarten, which is the Champs Elysées of Berlin; besides the figures of a nurse, in attendance on a boy with his hoop, who in England would run about without a nurse; a lady of some sisterhood of religious charity; and the porter or doorkeeper of an aristocratic mansion.

KELLY'S LONDON DIRECTORY.

The Post-Office London Directory for 1888, published by Messrs. Kelly and Co., is the eighty-ninth issue of a most useful work of local and personal reference, which has thus attained an age exceeding by one year that of the present century. It now occupies, without the index and exclusive of advertisements, 2744 closely printed pages; and this vast parade of the householders and shopkeepers in every street, with the classified collection of names and addresses in every trade or profession, and of private residents, is a wonderful exhibition of the greatest social community that ever lived. Yet it comprises only the proper limits of the closely-built "town," extending nine miles and a half from west to east, including Kensington and Chelsea, Bow and Blackwall, and six miles from north to south, Highbury and Holloway, Kennington and Deptford, being within these limits; beyond which the "London Suburban Directory" takes up the wondrous tale, while Messrs. Kelly have prepared a series of small special Directories for the suburban districts within ten miles of the General Post Office. The several divisions of the grand London Directory, official, commercial, banking, conveyances, streets, trades, and "Court" or private residences, can be had separately by purchasers who do not want the entire massive volume; and so can the new Map of London.

The members of the congress of the National Society of French Teachers in England were received by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress at the Mansion House on Jan. 14. In the course of a short address, the Lord Mayor spoke of the importance of a knowledge of foreign languages.

At the meeting of the Society of Telegraph Engineers, Sir Charles Bright vacated the presidential chair, into which Mr. Edward Graves, engineer-in-chief to the Post Office, was inducted, and delivered the opening address. He called attention to the vast advances made during the past fifty years, and concluded by remarking that more than 42,000 people were employed on telegraphs, telephones, electric light, and submarine cable companies, while if those engaged in employments connected with the business were added, the total might be set down as 100,000 in England alone.





*A Sister of Charity.*



*At the Bierhalle: A Fresh Supply.*



*A Berlin Nurse.*



*Street Scene in Winter.*



*Skating at the Thiergarten.*



*At the Theatre: Orchestra Stalls.*



*The Porter.*





"HARD HIT"—BY R. J. GORDON.  
AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Possibly there is a prettier function than the annual Juvenile Fancy Dress Ball at the London Mansion House, but, if so, it has not fallen to the lot of the present writer to assist at it. The great Egyptian Hall affords space to show off every one of the dresses, and the knowledge of this fact, as well as the respect due to the Lord Mayor, the Civic King, the holder of the only Court that London's citizens know, prevent economical mammas declaring that "anything will do," and ensure the dresses being new and thoroughly thought out. Then, again, the number of the guests is so large as to secure variety. It is as certain as the law of averages can make it that, amid seven hundred young folk in fancy dress, there will be a goodly number clad in new ideas and bedecked with original fancy, to relieve the commonplace conventionalities of Bo-Peeps, gipsies, Neapolitan fishermen, and Charles II. pages. Finally, the children wear their unusual garb "with a difference," with a charming unconsciousness and ease, and subordination of uncomfortable vanity to hearty enjoyment, that makes a juvenile fancy dress ball of any sort more charming to the spectator than an adult one; and at the very summit of the possibilities of juvenile fancy dress balls stands the actual achievement of that of the Mansion House, under the Lord Mayor's generous hospitality and Mr. W. J. Soulsby's perfect management.

Quite a feature of last week's ball was an admirably-arranged "civic procession," which gravely promenaded up the great corridor, to be received by the real persons represented. It was led in due form by young Eustace Burnaby, the son of the City Marshal, dressed in a miniature but exact copy of the scarlet and gold uniform which adorns the proud station referred to. Next appeared Master Dent as the fur-hatted sword-bearer, fully equipped and carrying the naked blade upright; side by side with Master Day as the bewigged and gowned Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing a handsome model of the mace lent by one of the City companies. The Lord Mayor, in his State robes of black brocaded velvet, with long train, was the son of Major and Sheriff Davies; and the stately but tiny Lady Mayoress on his arm, dressed in pink silk, with a Court train, and adorned with lace and diamonds, was little Miss Muriel Burnaby. The train-bearer was Master C. Smith. The civic procession closed with the twin sons of Mr. Sheriff Higgs, as the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, in black velvet Court suits with steel buttons, lace ruffles and swords, and the Sheriffs' chains and jewels of office adorning their bosoms. Great applause greeted this miniature official procession as it proceeded round the room in the grand march-past of the children before their host and hostess, which was arranged for the middle of the evening.

Another happy idea which gained loud applause was "the Union," the three little Misses Williamson, walking closely linked together, and wearing the traditional colours and emblems of the sister kingdoms. Their dresses were really pretty. Britannia, following the model on the coins, with silver helmet and shield and trident, wore classic draperies of red, fastened on the shoulder with red, white, and blue ribbons, over a skirt of white; Scotland was in black velvet, with tartan skirt and sash, and thistle in the Glangarry cap; and Ireland, as pretty as the isle is and as peaceful as she ought to be, looked very attractive in a green polonaise turned up in the front over skirt of green and white stripes, and a striped cap trimmed with shamrocks. Very successful, too, were Lady Magnay's two little folk: Miss Dorothy, in a high-waisted Empire costume of white satin, with large open bonnet of the same material; and the tiny dot of a boy, Christopher, about as tall as my writing-table, as "A gentleman of the olden time," in blue cloth swallow-tail coat with brass buttons, white duck trousers, and white beaver tall hat, with seals hanging from his fob, eye-glass pendant from his neck on a black ribbon, and ivory-headed ebony cane in his small gloved hand. Frank Malthouse as a life-boat man, in jersey, water-proofs, and cork belt; and Andrew Sly in the most perfect reproduction of a City policeman's uniform, were also much noticed. Warwick Draper as a Roman soldier wore magnificent steel-plate armour over a leather jerkin, tan-cloth skirt, and tan-leather sandals showing his toes: quite a correct reproduction of the costume, finished off by a wonderful ancient-looking shield and spear. A pretty compliment to the nationality of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress was Miss Wolf Hyman's dress as "the Belgian flag": a skirt of grey satin with the Belgian flag hand-painted on one side and the Royal arms on the other, and draperies of the tricolour stripes—crimson, orange, and blue.

Amongst other striking costumes may be mentioned the two little Misses Oakes as "cockatoos," with most ingenious imitations of feathers in flounce upon flounce of soft white silk cut out into loosely-hanging and "pinked" Vandyke points, together with feather head-dresses with beak, eyes, and top-knot; Miss Ursula Soulsby's "Galatea" dress, in which she looked most pretty; Tom Wright's scarlet and black Mephistopheles; the Misses Irene and Helen Miller-Ford in the scarlet robes of Doctors of Science; Mr. Willie Edouin's little son, Lionel Brough, as a Chinaman; and Mr. Arthur A'Beckett's three boys as Canterbury Pilgrims, in white flannel robes, with brown, flat palmer's hats hanging down on their backs, and pilgrim's staffs, with scollop-shell tops, in their hands. One of the most wonderful of the "juveniles" was Sir Charles Warren's son, a tall youth, in very full muslin trousers, reaching to the ankle, loose muslin tunic, and sleeveless embroidered jacket, the character being that of an Albanian peasant. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress had provided many entertainments for their young guests, and filled their post with tireless urbanity. Her Ladyship's dress was a very handsome one of ophelia heliotrope faille Française, draped with Chantilly lace.

The truly magnificent gift of four London merchants to establish a nurses' pension fund is probably the noblest present ever made to working women as a class. The scheme is designed to be practically self-supporting; but it is started on a secure foundation by the gift of £20,000 in four sums of £5000 each, by Messrs. Gibbs, Hambro, J. S. Morgan and Rothschild. I regret to hear that it is in contemplation to exclude married women engaged in nursing from participation in the benefit. As the scheme is to be substantially self-supporting—that is to say, as the subscribers' contributions are to be sufficient to provide for their own sick pay and fixed pensions, though the amount of the latter may be increased by gifts—it is not a question of sentiment or of general social polity who shall be allowed to join and on what terms. But even if it be shown by statistics that married nurses are more likely to become chargeable to the sick fund than single ones, it would be more fair and wise to make their rates of payment proportionately higher than to exclude them from the scheme. In monthly nursing, at least, married nurses are preferred. Few ladies would like single monthly nurses, and few women know how to "mother" a baby till they have had some of their own.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Late on Friday night, Jan. 13, a skilfully-planned burglary was carried out at Taplow Court, Maidenhead, the residence of Mr. W. H. Grenfell. Jewellery was stolen to the value of between £3000 and £4000.

## NEWCASTLE CATHEDRAL.

The creation of a Bishopric of Newcastle has raised the noble old church of St. Nicholas, in that city upon the Tyne, to the rank of a Cathedral; but its external beauty, especially that of the graceful arched "lantern," spire, and pinnacles, rising aloft from the summit of the grand tower, has long won the admiration of every passenger from London to Edinburgh by the Great Northern and North British Railways. It is one of the finest edifices of the fourteenth century in the Decorated Gothic style of architecture. Restorations were effected, between 1873 and 1876, under the superintendence of the late Sir G. Gilbert Scott, R.A., rendering the interior more worthy of its present Cathedral dignity. Its elevated situation, on a rock overlooking the great town and the river, which is the scene of increasing commercial and varied manufacturing industry, enhances the commanding aspect of this stately church, though it is not, like some ancient English Cathedrals, surrounded by lawns and trees in the sequestered repose of a "Close" or peculiar precinct.

## "HARD HIT!"

This picture, with a title which is a phrase of too familiar significance, though not exactly correct and elegant language, tells its own sad tale. The unlucky gentleman, who seems, by his attire, to have indulged sporting tastes, and may have lost heavy bets on the turf, finds himself ruined. His affectionate wife, instead of driving him to madness by vain reproaches or by a more distressing exhibition of sullen misery, clings to her husband with a fond embrace, hiding her tearful face in his breast. That is the way for a true woman to put new courage into a despairing man. Almost every one of us, in the course of life, is liable to be "hard hit," one way or another, however prudently we manage our affairs. It is then, and not "in our hours of ease," that the value of a good wife is felt. Not a word of the matter which is now beyond warning or counsel, but an expression of sympathy is needed—a look of forgiving tenderness—a gesture of loving self-devotion—a pure caress going straight to the heart. Let us hope that this married pair will yet see many happy days in the future.

At a general assembly of the Royal Academy, held on Jan. 17, W. B. Richmond, painter, E. Onslow Ford, sculptor, and Arthur W. Blomfield, architect, were elected Associates.

The annual conference of head masters and other masters of public schools was opened at Eton College on Jan. 17—the Provost of Eton presiding.

The Channel Tunnel Company have confirmed the resolution authorising the directors to introduce a Bill for the continuance of the experimental works.

A new *crèche*, situated at 36, Hemstall-road, West Hampstead, has been opened by Lady Holland, in the presence of a number of ladies and clergymen of the district.

The popular opera, the "Old Guard," reaches its hundredth performance on Monday evening, Jan. 23, on which occasion Mons. Planquette, the composer, will be present, he having journeyed from Paris for that purpose.

A dramatic performance will be given by the King's College School Old Boys' Club, on Feb. 2, at St. George's Hall, on behalf of the funds of King's College Hospital and King's College School East-End Mission. "Cupboard Love" and "Engaged" will be the pieces performed.

At a meeting of the Metropolitan Board of Works Mr. Hebb gave an explanation of his having applied for passes to theatres. After a lengthened discussion, proposals for his punishment were moved and lost, and eventually a motion was adopted cautioning him that any such proceedings in future would subject him to instant dismissal.

A scholarship of £20 a year for three years, tenable at the Devon County School, West Buckland, offered (at the suggestion of the Bishop of London, one of the trustees) to the youngest candidate who should have passed the seventh standard in an elementary school in Devon, Cornwall, or Somerset in 1887, has been awarded to J. Kempton, who passed the seventh standard at the age of ten years and five months.

The annual entertainment for patients and nurses took place at St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, on Jan. 12, and was well attended. In the front rows were nearly 100 of the 260 patients in the institution. Behind them were the nurses, with the medical staff and visitors in the rear. Singing, recitations, and performances on the violin and the pianoforte formed the entertainment.

The Paris Hippodrome gave, for the first time, an entirely new programme on Jan. 17. The Arabs having taken their departure, to replace their realistic and attractive entertainment, a magnificent pageant, entitled "A Fête at Rome," has been devised. The Roman spectacle at Olympia is brilliant and picturesque, and consists of a procession of patricians, gladiators, slaves, archers, and a cavalcade of over a hundred and fifty horses and twenty chariots. This fine pageant obtained an enthusiastic reception.

The *Era* Almanack for 1888, judiciously edited by Mr. Edward Ledger, contains a rich variety of theatrical stories, told in their own handwriting by such popular artists as Mr. Wilson Barrett, Miss Wallis, Mrs. Chippendale, and Mr. George Conquest, whose hazardous pantomime leap is particularly thrilling. The dramatic and musical calendar by Mr. E. L. Blanchard makes a welcome companion to the *Era*, which worthily maintains its reputation as the leading theatrical organ under the direction of Mr. Edward Ledger.

In London 2556 births and 1940 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 361 below, whereas the deaths exceeded by 45, the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 1 from small-pox, 25 from measles, 25 from scarlet fever, 16 from diphtheria, 152 from whooping cough, 22 from enteric fever, 1 from an ill-defined form of continued fever, and 11 from diarrhoea and dysentery. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had been 442 and 502 in the two preceding weeks, further rose last week to 579, and exceeded the corrected average by 44. Eleven cases of suicide were registered.

In Lambeth Palace Chapel the Rev. J. H. J. Ellison, Vicar of St. Gabriel's, Warwick-square, was married to Miss Agnes Tait, youngest daughter of the late Archbishop Tait. The officiating clergy were the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean of Windsor, and Canon Ellison, father of the bridegroom. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, the Dean of Windsor. Princess Christian was present at the ceremony. The bridegroom was accompanied by the Hon. Stanhope Tollemahe as best man; and the bride was attended by ten bridesmaids, including Miss Tait, Miss Benson, Miss Gosen, Miss Rate, and three Misses Ellison. The guests, who numbered about 200, were afterwards entertained in the Guard-room of Lambeth Palace. In the evening about 300 of the poor of Lambeth were invited by the bride's family to a supper and entertainment in the school-rooms adjoining the palace grounds.

## O B I T U A R Y.

GENERAL INGALL.

General William Lenox Ingall, C.B., J.P., Colonel Royal Sussex Regiment, died on Jan. 11 at his residence, Queens Park, Chester, while about to enter his bath. He was sixty-five years of age. He entered the Army in 1842, and attained the rank of General in 1881. His services were distinguished in India and the Crimea. He was in the Sutlej Campaign, with the 62nd Wiltshire Regiment, at Ferozeshah (where he was wounded) and at Sobraon; and subsequently took part in the Siege of Sebastopol. At the attack on the Quarries, June 18, he was severely wounded. In 1857, he received the Companionship of the Bath. He had also the Legion of Honour the 5th Class Medjidieh, and the Turkish and Sardinian medals. General Ingall married, in 1849, Frances Mary, daughter of Mr. T. R. Bridson, of Bridge House, Bolton.

THE HON. MAURICE BERKELEY PORTMAN.

The Hon. Maurice Berkeley Portman, J.P., died at his residence, Ashfield, Bridgwater, Somerset, on Jan. 12, aged fifty-four. He was third son of Edward Berkeley, first and present Viscount Portman, by Emma, his wife, daughter of Henry, second Earl of Harewood. He was educated at Durham; was Attaché at Mexico, 1853-6; and a member of Canadian Parliament, 1861-4. He married, first, in 1856, Helen Vidal, daughter of John Harris, Esq., of Eldon House, London, Canada West, which lady died in 1860; secondly, in 1867, his cousin, Evelyn Harriet Lavinia, eldest daughter of Major Henry Berkeley Portman, of Dean's Court, in the county of Dorset, and had issue by each wife.

SIR JOHN STAPLES.

Alderman Sir John Staples, K.C.M.G., F.S.A., died on Jan. 16. He was born Dec. 14, 1815, eldest son of Mr. John Staples, of Laverstock, in the county of Wiltshire, by Mary Ann, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Smith, of Great Durnford. In 1877 he was elected Alderman of the Ward of Aldersgate, in which year he was Sheriff of London and Middlesex; Lord Mayor of London in 1885-6, and a Royal Commissioner for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, 1886. He was a Justice of the Peace for Middlesex and Westminster, Deputy Lieutenant for the City of London, and a Governor of Bridewell, Bethlehem, St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, and Christ's Hospitals. In 1886 he received the Insignia of K.C.M.G. Sir John married, in 1859, Mary Ann Elizabeth, only daughter of Mr. Henry Gillett, of Hampstead.

MR. HERDMAN.

Mr. Robert Herdman, an eminent painter and a leading member of the Council of the Royal Scottish Academy, died suddenly, on Jan. 11. He was born at Rattray, in Perthshire, and has held for many years a foremost place as an historical and portrait painter. Among his works the best known are "Charles Edward Seeking Shelter," "St. Columba Rescuing a Captive," "After the Battle—La Culla," "Lucy Ashton," "Lord Ullin's Daughter," and "The Interview between Jeannie and Effie Deans." His portraits included those of several eminent men of his time—Thomas Carlyle, Professor Tulloch, Professor Shairp, Theodore Martin, &c.; and he was much esteemed for the portraiture of ladies.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. John Manship Norman, M.A., J.P. and D.L., Barrister-at-Law, on Jan. 10, in his eighty-ninth year.

Mr. Joseph Maynard, a solicitor of London from 1820 to 1870, and President of the Incorporated Law Society, 1861-1862.

The Rev. Dr. Kenneth Macleay Phin, Moderator, General Assembly of the Church in 1877, an active and influential member of the Church of Scotland, on Jan. 13, aged seventy-two.

Dr. Wilson, senior clerk of the Free Church Assembly and convener of the Sustentation Fund, on Jan. 14, at Edinburgh, aged eighty years. He was a celebrated divine of the Free Church denomination.

Mrs. Purcell-Fitzgerald (Hester), widow of Mr. John Purcell-Fitzgerald, of The Little Island, in the county of Waterford, and Boulge Hall, Suffolk, and daughter of Mr. William Haddon, on Jan. 9.

Dr. Herbert John Giraud, Inspector-General H.M. Bombay Army, formerly Professor of Chemistry and Botany, and afterwards Principal of the Grant Medical College of Bombay recently, aged seventy-one.

The Right Rev. Vincent William Ryan, D.D., Rector of Stanhope, and for fourteen years Bishop of Mauritius, at his rectory, on Jan. 11, aged seventy-one. From 1847 to 1850 he was Curate of St. Mary's, Edgehill, and Vice-Principal of the Liverpool Collegiate Institution.

Lady Elizabeth Lee-Harvey, widow of Mr. Henry Lee-Harvey, of Castle Semple, in the county of Renfrew, and eldest daughter of Henry David, seventh Earl of Buchan, by Elizabeth, his second wife, youngest daughter of Mr. John Harvey, of Castle Semple, on Jan. 13, aged fifty-seven.

Lady Hoare (Cecilia), wife of Sir Joseph Wallis O'Brien Hoare, Bart., of Annabelle, in the county of Cork, and fourth daughter of Mr. James Ede, of Ridgeway Castle, in the county of Hampshire, on Jan. 7. Her marriage took place Aug. 6, 1857, and its issue consists of two sons and two daughters.

Major William Salmon Mills has been selected for the command of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders at Cork.

Several thousand people witnessed the annual football match at Kennington Oval on Jan. 14 between the North and South. The game, played under Association rules, was won by the North, with three goals to one.

The new Phoenix Club and Institute in Medland-street, Ratcliff, was on Saturday, Jan. 14, opened by Mr. Ritchie, M.P., who in a brief speech expressed gratification that it was intended to establish classes for technical instruction in connection with the institute.

The Grand Lodge of Freemasons having placed £500 at the disposal of the Prince of Wales, their Grand Master, for the purpose of assisting in some degree to relieve the distress in the metropolis, his Royal Highness has directed that £100 be sent to the Lord Mayor for the Gardens and Pleasure-Grounds (Mansion House) Fund, and the remaining £400 to be distributed among the poor-boxes at the metropolitan police-courts.

The first general conference of members of the Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland was opened in the theatre of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, on Jan. 13, under the presidency of Dr. Morse. Mr. Courthouse Bowen first addressed the conference on the subject of the registration of teachers. After an animated discussion, a show of hands was taken and was found to be unanimously in favour of "registration of some kind." Mr. W. Claridge, of Bradford, read a paper as to the best methods of extending the local branches of the league and the Rev. Canon Blackley and Mr. Foster Watson spoke upon the question: "What schools and governing bodies have done for teachers with regard to provision for sickness and old age, and what the Guild can do in this matter."—At the resumed conference, next day, papers on commercial education, the teaching of modern languages, the present curriculum in high schools for girls, and other matters were read and discussed.



# ST. JACOBS OIL CONQUERS PAIN.

## The Verdict of the People of London.

**MR. WILLIAM HOWES**, Civil Engineer, 68, Red Lion-street, High Holborn, W.C., was afflicted with rheumatism for twenty years. Sometimes his hands swelled to twice their natural size; his joints were so stiff that he could not walk, and his feet so sore that he could not bear any weight on them. Nothing relieved him till he applied St. Jacobs Oil. The result was marvellous. Before using the contents of two bottles all pain left him, and he is now in perfect health.

**MR. C. H. PALMER**, Secretary of the Conservative Defence Association, and Overseer of the District of Islington, says:—"For a long time I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in my face and head, and rheumatism in my limbs. After trying various remedies without obtaining relief, I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the use of which completely removed every trace of pain."

**MR. EDWARD PETERSON**, Electric Light Engineer, of 36, Whetstone-park, W.C., says:—"There can be no two opinions respecting the value of St. Jacobs Oil as a rheumatic remedy. I was completely used up with rheumatism in my arms and shoulders; a few good rubbings with that famous Oil drove all pain away."

**MR. HENRY JOHN BARLOW**, of 4, Staple's-inn-buildings, Holborn Bars, W.C., says:—"I had rheumatism in my feet and legs, which became so bad that I was hardly able to walk. St. Jacobs Oil removed all pain and completely cured me."

**MRS. WOLFSBERGER**, Matron of the Moore-street Home for Poor, Crippled, and Orphan Boys, 17, Queen-street, Edgware-road, N.W., says that "St. Jacobs Oil has been used in the Home, and that it is powerful in relieving neuralgia and general rheumatism."

**MR. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT**, of No. 7, Alfred-place, Bedford-square, W.C., writes:—"Having for a number of years been a great sufferer from rheumatism in the limbs, I used St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me directly, after other remedies had signally failed."

**HENRY AND ANN BRIGHT**, Hon. Superintendents of the North London Home for Aged Christian Blind Women, say that "St. Jacobs Oil has proved itself unfailing; that rheumatism and neuralgia have, in every case, been removed by using the Oil—and many old ladies, some of them ninety years old, instead of tossing about in agony, now enjoy good nights' rest through its influence."

**MR. M. PRICE**, of 14, Tabernacle-square, Finsbury, E.C., says:—"My wrist, that I had strained two years before, and which had given me pain without intermission, yielded like magic to the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

**MR. J. CLARK**, of 21, South Island-place, Brixton-road, London, writes:—"Although I was not able to rise from a sitting position without the aid of a chair, I was able to stand and walk after the application of St. Jacobs Oil."

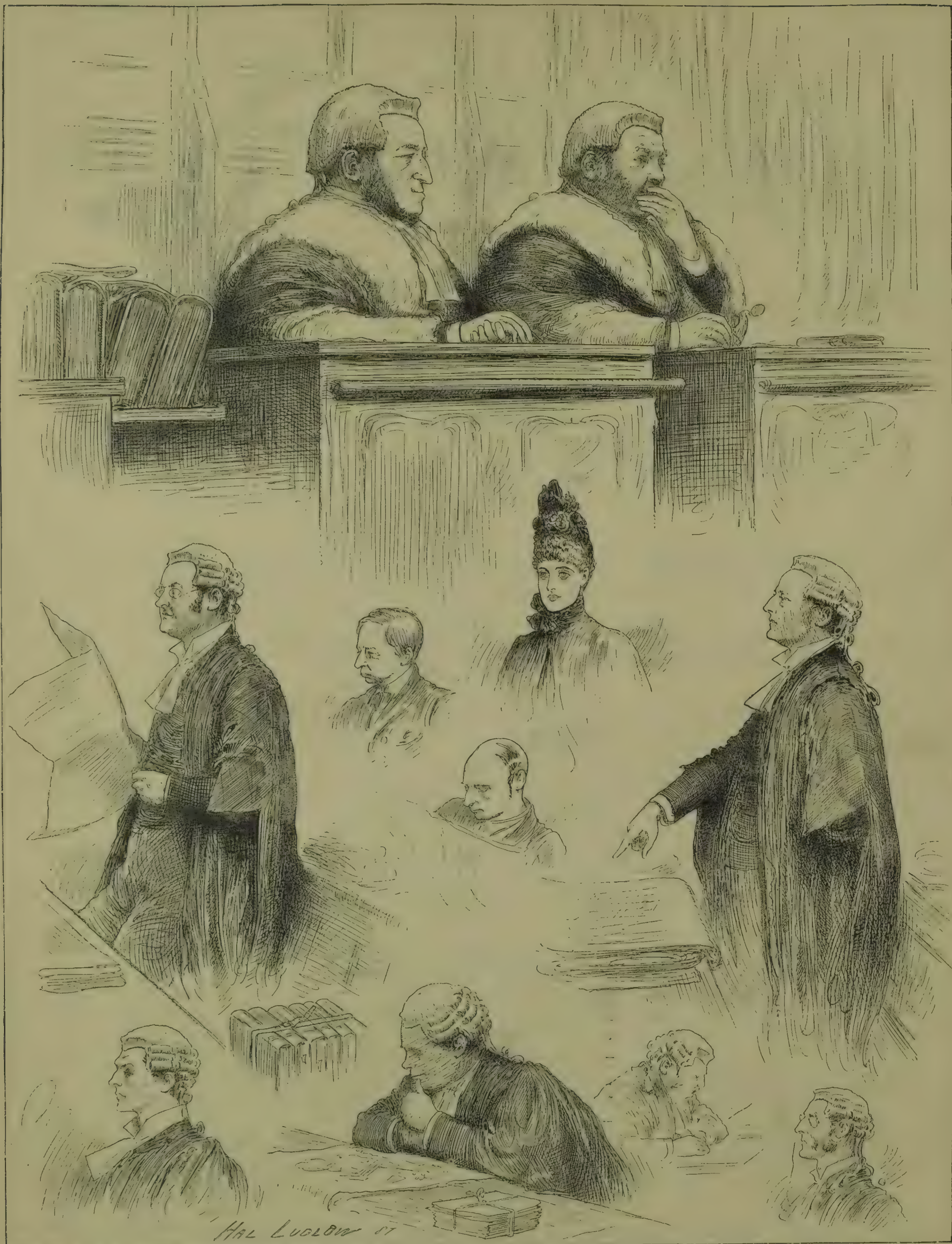
**MR. J. WILKINSON**, 88, Bentham-road, South Hackney, suffered from rheumatism in his feet and legs for twenty years. One bottle of St. Jacobs Oil drove away all pain, and brought about an effectual cure."

**ROBERT GEORGE WATTS, M.A., M.D., M.R.C.S.**, of Albion House, Quadrant-road, Canonbury, N., writes:—"I cannot refrain from testifying to the very great efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in all cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica, and neuralgia."

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SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS.

## SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS.

The Queen's Bench or Common Law side of the High Court of Justice, which has superseded the ancient separate jurisdictions of the Court of Exchequer, the Court of Queen's Bench, and the Court of Common Pleas, occupies all the court-rooms upstairs on the east side of the Central Hall of the grand Palace of Royal Justice in the Strand. The Lord Chief Justice of England sits in his own Court, which is larger and somewhat more stately than the Divisional Courts between which ordinary cases for trial are distributed; in one of these, simply designated No. 7, Mr. Justice Charles and Mr. Justice Mathews

were sitting on the day when our Artist made his Sketches. Two leading members of the Bar, Mr. French, Q.C., and Mr. Gully, Q.C., had occasion to address their Lordships or the jury, while others listened, read, or wrote, and awaited their turn of business.

The Mansion House Committee have placed £3000 at the disposal of the Public Gardens' Association to be spent exclusively in the employment of labour and supervision in connection with the new pleasure-ground of fourteen acres at Camberwell, and the conversion of a part of the Tower garden into an open space for the public.

## THE TITHE AGITATION IN NORTH WALES.

The distraints for non-payment of tithes in Flintshire were resumed on Saturday, Jan. 14, in a mountainous mining district. Messrs. Peterson and Todd, solicitors, were accompanied by a number of Emergency men and by a body of police, under the direction of the Chief Constable. The 13th Hussars, who during the week were engaged in protecting the officials at the sales, left Holywell for Manchester. The amount of the tithe due was small, amounting in one instance to only 1s. 4d. No distraints were made, but the land will be seized by the Sheriff, unless the landlord undertakes meantime to pay the tithes.





A "BIT" OF SAN REMO.



THE HARBOUR OF SAN REMO.

LIFE AT SAN REMO.—SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



ENTRANCE OF THE 13TH HUSSARS INTO HOLYWELL.



FIRST SALE AT PENTREFFYNNON.

TITHE SALES IN NORTH WALES.



LANDSLIP AND WRECK OF A RAILWAY BRIDGE AT CULLEN, BANFFSHIRE.



GREAT FIRE AT MESSRS. MARRIS AND NORTON'S PREMISES, BIRMINGHAM.

#### GREAT FIRE IN BIRMINGHAM.

A fire, which has not been equalled in Birmingham since the Central Free Libraries were burned down nine years ago, occurred shortly before midnight on Friday, Jan. 13, and resulted in the complete destruction of the show-rooms and manufactory of Messrs. Marris and Norton, cabinetmakers and upholsterers, and the greater portion of the Central Arcade. Messrs. Marris and Norton's premises, built in the modern Gothic style of architecture, consisted of five storeys, with frontages to Fore-street and Corporation-street. The basement was used for the storage of timber and materials in process of seasoning; at one extremity were the carpenters' and cabinetmakers' shops. On the ground floor were the show-rooms for the display of finished goods; the first floor was used as store-rooms for carpets and curtains, and

the upper storeys for bedsteads and bedding material. The Oriental Art Department contained a large assortment of choice and costly articles of Indian decorative work, including overmantels, drawing-room furniture, embroidered velvets and satins, and many artistic gems. Most of the stock, estimated to have been worth £40,000, consisted of goods of a highly inflammable character. In less than half-an-hour from the discovery of the fire the upholstery establishment was reduced to a mere shell, whilst the plate-glass windows, frames and all, had been burned out. The walls quickly began to totter, and fell, together with the lofty ornamental turrets. The waitresses at the Central Restaurant and the caretakers at the adjoining offices of Messrs. Ryland and Martineau narrowly escaped with their lives. The damages are estimated at £70,000, of which £29,642 is understood to be insured. The fire is believed to have broken out in the packing-room.

#### FALL OF A RAILWAY BRIDGE.

Much inconvenience to traffic, but no injury to life or limb, was caused by the giving way of a bridge and embankment at Cullen, near the seacoast, between Banff and Elgin, on the line opened in May, 1886, by the Great North of Scotland Railway Company. In the outskirts of the town, towards the Links of Cullen and Portknockie station, the line runs westward over a long embankment, with two bridges and a great viaduct. It was the second bridge, one of six arches, 50 ft. high, crossing Lower Castle-street, that gave way, with the adjacent part of the embankment. Traffic was stopped on Thursday, Jan. 5, and, on the Monday after, the two arches easternmost fell, leaving the rails and sleepers suspended in mid air. Two hundred men were employed to repair the damage. Our illustration is from a sketch by Mr. W. Cramond, schoolmaster.



## THE RECESS.

We are within a month of the opening of Parliament: and the programme of the Government for the Session is being arranged at the series of Cabinet Councils, resumed on Tuesday, the Seventeenth of January. The general lines of the Ministerial policy are known from the public utterances of the Prime Minister in Liverpool. Briefly put, the Administration is firmly resolved to maintain law and order on both sides of St. George's Channel. This duty, Lord Salisbury maintained at Liverpool, had been rendered more difficult to perform by reason of Mr. Gladstone's subversive speech at Nottingham, and the encouragement given to lawlessness in Ireland by English agitators, who, according to the Premier, quite deserved their punishment. The Government would persevere with their "policy of consolidation, in spite of any obstacle, and in defiance of any resistance," said the noble Marquis at the banquet held in his honour in the Liverpool Philharmonic Hall. There was, in fine, a tone of unmistakable resolution in the clearly-enunciated sentences of Lord Salisbury in dealing with Ireland; and his hopeful references to the brighter commercial prospects of England, and to the more pacific outlook on the Continent, were welcome, indeed.

That the Marquis of Hartington is practically a Minister unattached was made more obvious than ever when, directly after the first Cabinet Council held since Christmas, the noble Lord the Leader of the Liberal Unionist supporters of the

Government drove up to Downing-street in order to confer with Mr. W. H. Smith. This notable conference was preceded by a meeting of Lord Hartington and his lieutenants at Devonshire House. Whilst these confidential relations between the followers of Lord Salisbury and of Lord Hartington continue, the Government may well rely upon the invincible strength of the Ministerial position for the natural life of the present Parliament—in spite of valiant declamation such as Mr. Shaw-Lefevre indulged in on Monday at Tunstall, where he condemned the Irish policy of Lord Salisbury in unmeasured terms. At the same time, the Cabinet will do well to seriously consider the weighty counsel offered the next day by Sir Michael Hicks Beach in his admirable speech on the Irish problem at Clifton.

One prominent figure will be missed from the Lobby when Parliament assembles. Mr. Gladstone, still sunning himself in Florence, will especially miss the bright, ruddy face and kindly glance of Mr. Chief Inspector Denning, who carries with him into his retirement the respect and best wishes of everyone aware of the zeal and courtesy with which he discharged his onerous duties as guardian of St. Stephen's.

Mr. J. Gibson, M.P. for the Walton Division of Liverpool, has formally intimated to his committee his acceptance of the vacant Irish judgeship, and the consequent vacation of his seat in Parliament.

## LIFE AT SAN REMO.

Our Artist at San Remo contributes a View of that picturesque town, from the port, with the Italian torpedo-boat, lent to the Crown Prince of Germany for a pleasure-yacht, lying alongside the quay. A sketch of a bit of the road close to the town is also given; we have repeatedly described the town and neighbourhood. The health of the Crown Prince, generally, continues to be good, and it is denied, this week, that any new growth of morbid excretion, or any cancerous symptoms, have been detected in his throat. Sir Morell Mackenzie, M.D., in an interview with our Queen at Osborne, on Tuesday, Jan. 17, "gave her Majesty very satisfactory accounts of the Crown Prince." Rumours of an intended visit of the Queen to San Remo are again current in the correspondence of the German papers; but the report that the Villa Evelyn has been hired for her Majesty will need confirmation. Our own correspondent there was told that the Villa Evelyn had been engaged for an American private family.

The portrait of Professor Bonamy Price is from a photograph by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Oxford.

The mail from Japan via San Francisco brings news of the death on Dec. 6, at Kagoshima, the capital of his former principality, of Shimadzu Hisamitsu, ex-Prince or Regent of Satsuma, and one of the most striking of the many striking figures of Japanese history of the past thirty years.

## DEATHS.

On Jan. 13, 1888, in London, Letitia Grace, the beloved wife of Colonel the Hon. H. Crichton.

On Jan. 16, at her residence, Newfield, near Sheffield, Helen Charlotte Brownell, in her 82nd year.

On Jan. 13, at Harrogate, Helen Matilda, wife of the Rev. William Proctor Swaby, Vicar of Millfield Vicarage, Sunterland, and youngest daughter of the late Lawrence Jopson Marshall, Esq.

On Jan. 14, at Tyddynllan Llandrillo, Corwen, the residence of her brother-in-law, the Rev. John Wynne, Mary Wilson, of The Grove, Market Drayton, Shropshire.

\* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings.

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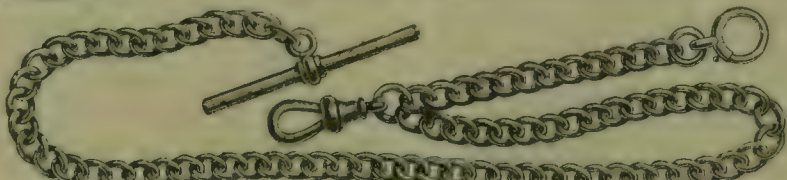
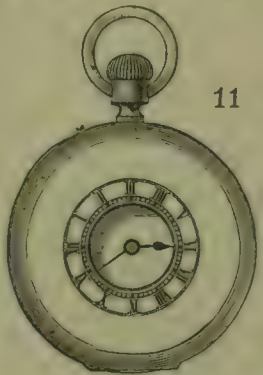
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JANUARY 21, 1888.



## THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A HOUSE-BOAT.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

## CHAPTER IV.

"Marie, have you forgotten yet  
The loving barter that we made?  
The rings we changed, the suns that set,  
The woods fulfilled with sun and shade?  
The fountains that were musical  
By many an ancient trysting-tree—  
Marie have you forgotten all?  
Do you remember, love Marie!"

It is early morning—calm and clear; a pale sunlight lies over the green landscape; the masses of foliage are mirrored on the smooth waters of the stream. There is quietude on board this gently-gliding boat; for Jack Duncombe has gone ashore to walk with the driver; Murdoch is in the pantry; the two women are also within; and the helmsman, left solitary at his post, has little to do but listen to the universal singing of the birds, and also to look out for shallows.

But the quietude is suddenly broken; a woman appears—a small woman—apparently half inclined to laugh, and yet as fierce as a bantam.

"And what do you think of yourself now?" she says.

"I am pretty well, I thank you," is the properly civil answer to this polite inquiry.

"Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"But I am."

"Why do you do it, then?"

"Do what?"

"Oh, of course you don't know how you were going on last night—both of you. In all my life I never saw two human beings make such an exhibition of themselves. I wish you could have seen yourself, and her too"—continues this wildly imaginative and wholly unveracious person, whose testimony the kind reader of these pages will doubtless estimate at its proper value—"the underhand talking, eyes fixed on eyes, the sniggering at small jokes that no one else was allowed to hear. And then the pretty dear must give you that little bouquet of pansies; and, of course, you couldn't pin it on for yourself—oh, no, a man's fingers are so clumsy; and, of course, she must lean over to do it for you, and be about half an hour in doing it—I wish someone had knocked your two heads together. Then comes out the cigar-cutter—oh, yes, she saw it in Paris, and thought the combination of silver and gold rather pretty, and had your initials engraved on it; and, of course, you can't be behindhand when it is a question of love-gifts; you go and give her the silver penholder you have had for years, and that you promised to Edward!"

"What!"

"The boy would have prized it, and treasured it all his life; and that minx will throw it away, or give it to the first young numskull she finds in her train. I do wonder that men will make such idiots of themselves—for nothing but a pretty face. A smooth cheek and a pair of baby eyes—that's enough. That's all that's wanted; and they seem to be knocked silly, and are ready to believe anything. Why, if you only knew! Don't you see that she is merely playing you off against Mr. Duncombe? It's all done to pique him. That's the way she begins. All these secret confidences—and the attention she pays to your slightest word—and all her unblushing coquetry—that is all done to tantalise him. That cigar-cutter: she has had it ever since she came over from Paris; why did she wait till last night before giving it to you in that marked way?"

"I suppose young ladies have a right to open their port-manteaus when they please?"

"At all events, you needn't encourage her in her mischief. Oh, I saw your tricks! That's a very pretty one you've taught her of looking into each other's eyes while you're clinking wine-glasses. Pledging friendship, I suppose! Friendship! And then that stupid old conundrum—What kind of weather represents an animal? Rain, dear!—of course you asked her that just to be allowed to call her dear. I could see what was going on!"

"Doubtless!"

"—although I had to talk to Mr. Duncombe all the time. And mark my words, as soon as she has provoked Mr. Duncombe into paying her attention—as soon as she has got him in a fair way of becoming her slave—I wonder where you will



Miss Peggy had been shown how to cling gracefully to the iron bar, and how to move the tiller with her bronze-slipped foot.

be! Where will be all her devotion, and her flattering smiles, and her make-believe gratitude, and her ready laughing at the most ridiculous jokes; where will all that be—then?"

"Where, indeed! With the snows of yesteryear. But in the meantime, while Heaven vouchsafes such mercies, one mustn't throw them away, don't you see?"

"Heaven! It's very little you know about Peggy Rosslyn if you think that Heaven has anything to do with her."

Just as this atrocious sentiment (which will reveal to young men what the friendship of women, as between themselves, is worth) has been uttered, there is suddenly heard the tinkling of a banjo within the saloon—a careless strumming, apparently to test the strings. Then we hear a girl's voice, also quite careless; and we can just make out something about

My old Kentucky home far away.

The next instant the door opens, and Miss Peggy, without her banjo, but radiant, and fresh as a wild rose in June, and smiling content with herself and all the world, comes out into the daylight.

"I wish I had brought some more strings from home; they're better than those you get in England!"

Suddenly Miss Peggy stops, and glances from one to the other. She is a sharp-eyed young woman.

"What is it?" she says, looking puzzled.

And then—well, the writer of these lines hardly hopes to be believed, but this is actually what happened—the woman who has been talking so abominably about this girl-friend of hers hesitates for but a second; perhaps there is a kind of fascination in the fresh young face, or a mute appeal in the puzzled eyes; at all events, she goes quickly forward, and laughs a little, and draws Peggy's arm within her own, and forthwith makes use of these words:—

"Peggy, dear, I'm going to tell you a secret. Be warned by me, and have nothing to do with men. They're perfidious, every one of them. If you only knew their selfishness, and the way they laugh at any trust you may be so foolish as to put in them! Now, women do try to be honest with each other. You may expect a woman's affection and friendship to last, for a while at least; but a man's—never! They'll simply amuse themselves with you—for the moment—and pass on. That's the way with men."

Now, as there was only one man present (who scorned to notice these taunts), it was but natural that Peggy should turn to him; and there was more than interrogation in her eyes. There was a great deal more than interrogation in those remarkably shrewd and intelligent eyes. There was—but never mind. She was a discreet young creature, and held her tongue; and she pretended to be grateful for this disinterested advice; and found something the matter with her friend's neckerchief, so that, in putting it straight, she could stroke and pet her a little. For a perfectly characterless person, Miss Peggy had ways.

Then says the smaller of the two women:

"Look here, Peggy, no one seems to take any notice of

Mr. Duncombe, though he is working so hard for us. He has been quite by himself ever since breakfast. What do you say—shall we go ashore and walk with him for a bit?"

"Please, I wanted to be shown how to steer," says Peggy, timidly.

"And consider this, Miss Peggy," says the third person present, "You'll be coming to Runnymede very soon!"

"Not the real Runnymede!" she says, quickly.

"The actual and veritable meadow where the barons met; and you'll see the place where King John waited on the other side; and the island between, where Magna Charta was signed."

"Now Heaven grant me patience, for they're at their English history again!" says Mrs. Threepenny-bit, apparently to herself; and then she opens the door behind her, and calls: "Here, Murdoch, come and get ready the gang-board; I'm going ashore."

And she did go ashore, uttering the while covert jibes and jeers the unworthy nature of which will be made manifest directly. For when Miss Peggy had been shown how to cling gracefully to the iron bar, and how to move the tiller with her bronze-slipped mite of a foot, the conversation took quite an unexpected turn, and had nothing to do with English history.

"Now that we're quite alone," said Peggy, "I wish you would tell me something. I've often thought of asking you; I think you could tell me as well as anyone."

"What is it, then?"

"Well, I want to know if books are like real life."

This was an amazing question.

"It is to be hoped that real life isn't like some books," one answers, trying to escape.

"I don't mean that," she says; "I mean generally. Do you think books represent things as ordinary people find them? Do you think you would find in the actual world around you people capable of so much self-sacrifice, and so much kindness to the weak and poor; and men doing heroic things for the sake of the love of a woman—I don't mean fighting and bloodshed, but constancy in time of trial, and so on? Don't you think that in the real world money is more important than they make it out to be in books? You know, quite well that there are people who will frankly tell you their opinion, at least, that money is everything, and romance and love and all that mere moonshine. Now, if you take this case, if you suppose a young man engaged to a girl—or as good as engaged; the two families taking it almost for granted—and if he seems inclined to throw her over because it turns out she has not as much money as he expected—or none at all, let us say—you would consider that he was only doing what was right, and prudent, and usual, what everyone else would do in his place? People would call him sensible, and say he was quite right, wouldn't they?"

Now, the writer of these pages has been studying men and women for a considerable number of years; and has managed to get considerably befogged, especially about women; but surely it needs no very profound knowledge of human nature



The Royal gate-keeper was in his shirt-sleeves, and wore a tall hat with gold braid round it.

The Royal gate-keeper was in his shirt-sleeves, and wore a tall hat with gold braid round it.



to perceive that this young lady, while seemingly concerned about the sincerity of literature, was in reality thinking of one particular young man. And of course no one could be expected to offer an opinion in such a delicate affair, especially on such insufficient data. It was a good deal safer to tackle the general question. And it was easy to point out to this ingenuous young creature that no single human being's estimate of the world at large was of much value to any other human being. You form your opinion from a certain limited number of friends and acquaintances, who are mostly of your own choosing; that contracted sphere you have in a great measure made up for yourself. And like draws to like. "The world," said Mr. Thackeray, "is a mirror in which each man sees the reflection of his own face." It was more particularly pointed out to this meek disciple that she should not seek for any such information as she desired from a person born and brought up in a country whose ballads and songs and tales and family histories seemed to show that there human life had not always been conducted on strictly commercial principles. On these and other weighty themes the discourse was going on pleasantly enough; and Miss Peggy's clear blue eyes were grown somewhat pensive; and the bronze-slipped foot was idly swaying the tiller, when all of a sudden there was a

Lane." And all the while the water was rippling at the prow of the boat; and the summer-green landscape went gliding by in the happy silence; envy, spite, and jealousy were far away (walking along the bank, that is), and here were peace and content, and the communion of two kindred souls.

"Peggy, will you put down your banjo for a moment and come up here?"

She does as she is bid; for she is an obedient lass, when there is no one by to provoke her or frighten her. And this that she has been summoned to see—the spectral grey thing rising high over the wide rich-foliaged landscape? That spectral grey thing is the stately pile of Windsor Castle; and at the Round Tower floats the Royal Standard of England.

"Do you know what that means, Miss Peggy? The Queen is there just now."

"What," she says, "actually there—living in that building?"

"Undoubtedly."

She is silent for a moment or two.

"Well," she says, "I suppose you can't understand how strange that is to me. I dare say it's nothing to you. You see the Queen driving past in her carriage; and you read about her in the newspapers. But to us at home—to an

American girl at least—the Queen of England seems to belong to a long line of Kings and Queens; to be one of a series of historical characters that one has read about so much; well, I can't explain it to you; but it does seem odd to think that she's only a woman, after all, and living over there in that house."

"They say you are rather fond of English history?"

Let no man think that he can catch Miss Peggy unawares.

There is a flash of a laugh in her eyes, but only for a second; the next instant she lets herself down into the stern-sheets and demurely takes up her banjo again.

"They may say so if they like," she says, as she strikes the first "whirr" across the strings. "But you must not say anything of that kind. For you always defend me."

It was at the entrance to Windsor Home Park, where we were charged ninepence for permission to pass along this portion of the river to the young Republican mind there seemed something very incongruous in this transaction, but no more incongruous than the costume of the Royal gate-keeper, who was in his shirt-sleeves, and wore a tall hat with gold braid round it, it was at this point that Mrs. Threepenny-bit and her companion came on board again; and very anxious was the former to ascertain what Miss Peggy had been talking about when we ran aground opposite Magna Charta island.

"Oh! well," said Peggy, evasively, "a lot of things. And one can't learn to steer all at once. Besides, who would have expected the water to be so shallow?"

"Oh! but I must tell you this," said Jack Duncombe, with some eagerness, "that shoal is well known to everybody familiar with the Thames. It is one of the worst on the river. And, of course, you couldn't be expected to know, Miss Rosslyn; it was simply a piece of bad luck that you happened to be steering at the time."

Miss Rosslyn looked rather pleased that he should have come so warmly to her assistance; but she did not say anything.

So on we went towards Eton College—the old red and grey building looking as picturesque as ever among its abundant elms and willows and chestnuts; we got through Romney Lock with a moderate amount of bumping; and then we halted for lunch by the side of a long breakwater, where we found a serviceable post. It is true that we also found a notice warning any boat or barge of the awful consequences that would ensue, if it moored by "this Cobler"; but then we had no idea what a Cobler was.

"Very well," said our young dramatist, with an oracular air; "a thing of which you are entirely ignorant has for you no existence; and surely for mooring to a thing that has no existence, you can't reasonably be prosecuted."

We had no time to stay and consider this proposition; for we were all desperately hungry; and Murdoch had done his best for us.

Now during this repast—which was enjoyable enough, for the day was fine and clear and still; the stream was scarcely heard in the prevailing silence; and we seemed to be quite alone in the world, though one could catch a glimpse, through certain of the windows, of a few river-side cottages; while far away and above these rose the ethereal grey mass of Windsor Castle, with the gorgeously-coloured standard floating idly in the summer air—during this meal it was impossible to avoid imagining that our young friend the dramatist was trying to show off a little. At any time he was a merry youth, light-hearted, clever-tongued, with a kind of half-cynical dryness that gave his not too recondite quips and jokes a certain flavour; but on this occasion he was more than ordinarily facetious. Not only that, but he revealed to us plans for further intellectual display sufficient to make one's blood run cold.

"Yes," said he cheerfully; "that's what I do when I'm having a quiet walk along the bank. I'm working hard all the time. I'm storing up observations, reflections, aphorisms, all kinds of things; and I'm going to jot them down; and I'll read them out to you; and you're all to give me a frank opinion, and say whether any of them are likely to be of any use."

"Fancy having aphorisms read to us after dinner!" said one of us, who was rather aghast at the prospect. "The novel-heroine of former days had no scruple at all in opening her little book, and reading out her 'thoughts'; and the

public didn't object; for at that time nearly everybody kept a diary, and was rather proud of turning out neat little bits of wisdom, cut and dried. But a diary—in these times!"

"Oh, that isn't what I mean," he said. "My profound observations on human life and character are all to come in in dialogue."

"But dialogue must arise naturally from the circumstances, or else it will be artificial; or, what is worse, it will be suspected of being so."

"Invent the circumstances to suit," observed this intrepid young man.

"Perhaps," suggested Queen Tita, apparently without guile, "Mr. Duncombe would show us some of these materials, and then we should understand?"

"Of course I will!" said he, frankly. "There's no unnecessary modesty about me. I really invite you to say 'rubbish' if you think they are rubbish. On the other hand, you might give me valuable hints as to how to bring them in—either in a play or in a story. I'm willing to learn."

He laid down his knife and fork; and took out and opened a small memorandum-book.

"Here, for example, is what appears to me a reasonable suggestion. 'Londoners should be taxed at a higher rate than any other community in the country, because they get so much food for nothing. The living organisms in the water they drink are supplied to them quite recklessly, and free of cost. Why should other cities be less favoured?' Now, don't you call that dialogue arising out of the circumstances? You are walking by the side of the Thames; you think of the destination of the water, and its quality."

"It would be awfully difficult to represent the Thames on the stage," says Queen Tita, anxious to help the budding Shakspeare. "Even if you had real water, the people would not know it was the Thames."

"But I should put that in a story—in the dialogue, don't you know?"

"Yes," says one of us; "and have the public turn round and rend you for making faces at it. Come; let's have another one."

"Very well," said he. "How about this?—'The wisdom of children is wonderful—when they are your own children: other people's children don't seem quite so wise.'"

"Why, you would insult every mother in the country!" exclaims Queen Tita. "Every one of them would think the remark addressed to her."

"It won't do? Well, out it goes. I'm not proud. The interests of the British public before anything; and I won't offer them articles that haven't been approved and passed," he continued, quite good-naturedly. "How's this, then?—'At Christmas-time Providence must be rather puzzled as to how all those millions of wishes for happiness and prosperity during the coming year are to be met. How can the supply meet the demand?'"

"Mr. Duncombe," she says, but quite gently, "I don't think it will serve your turn with anybody to be profane."

He snapped the book together and took up his knife and fork.

"No," said he, "no one has any luck with criticism except after dinner. Then people are inclined to be complaisant. That was why, when the public dined at midday, the players opened the theatres in the afternoon; when the public took to dining in the afternoon, the theatres were opened in the evening; and now, when the public dine in the evening, the theatres open at night. I am very much obliged to you for your kind criticism; but the next time I try it will be at a much later hour."

He took his present failure with a light heart; and why? Simply because he had successfully established a scheme by which he could show off at any moment he pleased before these two women-folk. Young men are always recollecting clever things they might have said to girls, and bitterly regretting that their wit was not alert enough when the occasion was there. But here was a young man who could spend all his leisure time in constructing these sparkling and ingenious "might-have-beens"; and who had also invented a crafty device for displaying them. The interests of the British public, indeed! Materials for dramas and plays, forsooth! What he really wanted was to flash those intellectual jewels before the eyes of Peggy Rosslyn, who had taken no notice of him since we had started on this trip. Very well; young people have curious ways; but there was one dispassionate observer on board, who was of opinion that Miss Peggy's eyes would take a good deal of dazzling before her brain became confused; while as for her heart—but, perhaps, a person certified as being without a character, had no heart at all.

Windsor is hated by bargemen, because of the long interruption of the towing-path, which necessitates a tedious poling performance, and also because of the depth of the stream; and this hatred is not unreasonable, as we innocents were soon to discover. We sent Coriolanus and his driver along to the Brocas meadows, and then set about getting the boat along too. But not even the long pole we had purchased at Staines was of any use here; and once more we found ourselves helpless in the middle of the river, unable to reach the bottom with any of our sticks, and driven to a feeble form of paddling, producing but the smallest effect.

"What is the use of a boat without oars?" says Murdoch, gloomily to Mr. Duncombe, when he is quite sure "the mustress" is out of hearing.

"Well, you're quite right, Murdoch," the young man answers. "We must buy a pair of oars at Oxford."

"And what is the use of a pair of oars if there's no place to work them?"

This seems an awkward dilemma.

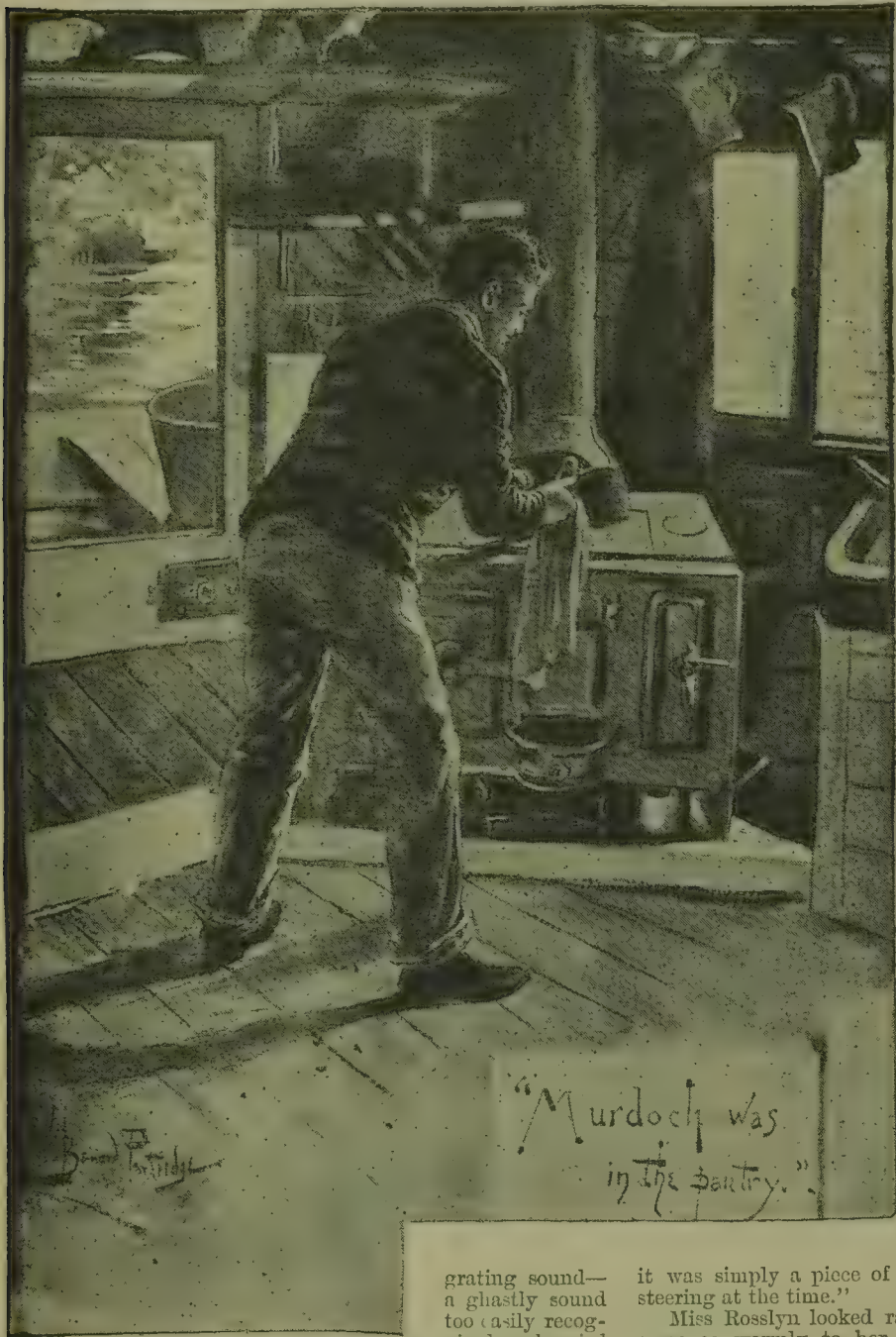
"We'll have to invent a place, that's all."

However, there happened to be a light wind blowing up stream; and the Nameless Barge had a sufficiently large surface exposed to it; so that, what with this favouring breeze, and the vigorous use of poles and sticks, we did get her along to the Brocas, where Coriolanus was again attached, and our gentle and silent progress resumed.

All the four of us were now in the stern together—one perched aloft and steering—as we stole along, on this quiet afternoon by Boveney Lock and Surly Hall and Oakley Court, looking at the placid landscape and listening to the salmon-reel cry of the cornerake, the kurrooing of the wood-pigeons, and the soft and distant note of the cuckoo. And perhaps it was our being brought together in this way, and cut off from the rest of the world, as it were, that made our sentimental Mrs. Threepenny-bit think of far other scenes.

"It's very pretty, you know," she says, glancing along the bank; "oh, yes, it's very pretty; and I could understand people in time becoming very fond of the quietude of it. But, sometimes—well, one can't help it—you begin to wish you were away in places you have a stronger affection for." Here she suddenly takes her friend's hand. "Oh, Peggy, if only we had you with us now in the Sound of Ulva, or in Loch-na-Keal!"

"But as I can't be there I'm very glad to be here," says our practical Peggy. "Why, I think it most delightful! And the places are so interesting too. Did the Vicar of Bray really live there?"



grating sound—a ghastly sound too easily recognised—a hurried yell is sent forward to Palinurus—there is a harsher sound, and a terrible vibration of the boat—the straining line hauls her over—and just as Miss Peggy and her companion are wondering what is going to "give" first, the towing-rope is slackened, and we find the Nameless Barge fixed firmly on a long and shelving shallow, nearly opposite Magna Charta island.

"Oh, Miss Peggy, what will they say of you now?" Miss Peggy flushes quickly, and yet there is a half-hidden laugh in her eyes.

"I know what your wife will say; but it wasn't so, was it? Really I wasn't looking!"

"Certainly you weren't."

"Well, why didn't you tell me that shallow place was there?"

"Why did you run the bow into the bank?"

"Oh, here they come: we shall have to face it somehow."

I suppose it is a very amusing thing for two grinning idiots to stand on the bank of a stream, and mock at people who have got into trouble. "How about Robert Fitz-Walter? Where did King John go after the Charter was signed?" one of them kept asking; and that feeble sort of sarcasm seemed to give her great delight. The worst of it was that the people in the boat tried their very hardest to get her shoved off, and without avail; and Murdoch, by the expression of his face, seemed to say he was more than ever convinced that this mongrel craft was fit for neither land nor water. In the end Coriolanus had to be brought back; the towing-line was hitched on astern; and in this ignominious fashion we were dragged off the shoal. When we resumed our voyage, Miss Peggy and her companion had neither word nor look for the people ashore. They were welcome to their thin facetiousness. Two souls, always congenial, seemed to be drawn more and more to each other by having had to pass through the valley of humiliation; and Peggy, relinquishing the tiller, went and got her banjo, and came and ensconced herself in the stern-sheets, and began to sing—"The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home." She had a pretty contralto voice, of pure and sympathetic quality; and she sang low and softly, for of course we did not choose that these two people ashore should overhear.

Then Peggy—Miss Peggy, I mean—sang "Sweet Belle Mahone"; and then she sang, "Hard Times come again no More"; and then she sang "The Little Old Log-Cabin in the



At Maidenhead we had some excellent exercise before dinner; for here again the towing-path is interrupted for a considerable distance, and we had to shove our Noah's Ark along by means of the sticks. The water, however, is of less depth here than at Windsor, so that we had little difficulty in getting her under the bridge and over to the Berkshire side. Then came the rough-and-tumble of Boulter's Lock; after which we found ourselves gliding silently along under the hanging woods of Clevedon. The shades of evening were stealing over the landscape now; but there was a golden touch appearing here and there among the western clouds, and we had vague hopes of a clear sky at night.

By the time we had got through the lock at Cookham and poled across to the riverside inn there, the dusk had fallen, and orange rays of light from the windows of the comfortable-looking hostelry shot through underneath the ancient yews. A good-natured boatman guided us to convenient moorings—which seemed to be just outside somebody's garden, for we were embedded among bushes and overarched by tall trees; and then we began to light our lamps and candles, and to draw together the tiny red window-curtains, while Miss Peggy helped to lay the cloth for dinner. Jack Duncombe slung a bottle of wine over the side to cool; Mrs. Threepenny-bit apportioned the napkin rings we were to retain during the voyage; and so forth; and presently Murdoch's welcome appearance summoned us to our seats.

Now, when four people are dining together, nothing is easier than to keep the conversation general; but when you have a young man who is rather anxious to be brilliant, and who nevertheless will constantly address his hostess, evidently expecting the other two to listen, then, perhaps, the other two may be driven, in self-defence, to talk by themselves. Moreover, when you have two and two talking, courtesy demands that you should not speak loudly, for you might annoy your neighbours. Besides that, Miss Peggy was telling her immediate companion of her experiences of camping-out; that is to say, she had not been camping-out, but certain of her young gentlemen friends had been, in the Adirondacks, while she and her mamma were staying at the Sagamore Hotel, on Lake George—and there were certain stories and adventures to relate which might have been misinterpreted by the vulgar mind. Miss Peggy's eyes said more than her words when she was challenged to make confession. And it is to be imagined that the presence of one young lady—of rather attractive appearance, and just a little bit inclined to be mischievous—amongst those idling young men did not tend much to the cultivation of a generous good-fellowship. She herself, of course, gave quite a different reason for the breaking-up of the camp. She said the young men were simply crowded out. It appears that they used to have occasional afternoon receptions, to which they invited such neighbours as were within reasonable distance, giving them what little refreshment was procurable. But these festivities proved popular; neighbours invited neighbours; all sorts of people came unasked; and the climax was reached when one tall native of the wilds was overheard to say to another stranger, 'Be them nuts free?' That was Miss Peggy's story of the breaking-up of the camp, but there may have been other reasons for those young men forsaking their forest life, and going sadly away back to their homes in Brooklyn and New York. One could only guess, for Miss Peggy's eyes, though they tell a good deal, don't tell everything. As for certain other admissions she made—well, they were in the nature of confidences, and therefore cannot, and shall not, be set down here.

In the midst of all this, Queen Tita is heard to exclaim—  
"Well, I declare! Look where he has hung that cigar-cutter! That is a pretty kind of thing to wear at one's watch-chain as a charm!"

"Madam," observes the owner of the article in question, "for once you are right. It is a very pretty kind of thing to wear as a charm. But supposing it were not, what then? Have you lived all these years without discovering this—that it is not the character of the gift but the intention of the giver that is of importance; isn't that so, Miss Peggy?"

"Why, of course it is!" says Miss Peggy, boldly, but with her eyes cast down.

"Oh, indeed," she says, turning to the girl. "And you? I suppose you will have that silver pencil-case mounted and made into a brooch?"

Peggy looks up, laughing, but defiant.  
"Why not? I think it would do very well, and be such a new idea. Why, the British jeweller's imagination never gets beyond a butterfly or a horse-shoe. You should see Tiffany's. And then the dressmakers are all for making you so square-shouldered now a-days; an oblong brooch at your neck would suit very well."

Mrs. Tom-tit, cowed, baffled, jumped-upon, outstared, exterminated, can only turn and say to her companion, with a sigh of resignation,

"Did you ever hear such brazen impudence?"

"I am afraid you goaded Miss Rosslyn into it," he says, with a smile which is meant to carry peace-making all round the little board.

Well, we sat late after dinner; for everything was very snug and comfortable; and two and two make excellent companionship. Of course, that arrangement did not always exist; for occasionally Jack Duncombe, with a humility we had never before seen him exhibit, addressed Miss Rosslyn direct; and always she listened to him attentively, and with grave and courteous eyes. We sat so late that some suggestion that had been made about vingt-et-un was dropped by common consent; and, instead of card-playing, it was proposed that, before turning in, we should have a look at the world outside. The forward window of the saloon was opened; and we stepped forth from the yellow glare of the lamps and candles into the strange silence and darkness without.

It seemed silent and dark for no more than a second or so. For the young moon was shining in the pale violet skies; and we could faintly see the surface of the river; and if the hush of the night seemed to have fallen over the sleeping land, there was a murmur of water in the distance; and close by, in the bushes, a sedge-warbler was singing shrill and clear. And even Queen Tita forgot to wish that she was far away in Ulva's Sound.

(To be continued.)

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## A VISIT TO TENERIFE.

*Tenerife and its Six Satellites.* By Olivia M. Stone, author of "Norway in June." Two vols. (Marcus Ward and Co.).—We never know, till some friend proves to us, how ignorant we are. Mrs. Stone does some of us a service by plainly telling them that they do not know anything about the Canary Islands. Many steam-ship passengers of the Cape line, or of the Australian or New Zealand lines, may see the harbour of Santa Cruz and the Peak of Tenerife. The condition of another island, called Grand Canary, which is the centre of the group, may be learnt from books of geography. Ascents of the Peak have been narrated, and readers of natural history remember the "dragon-tree" of Orotava. But this lady assures us that there is no English book which gives an account of the shores and interior districts of those romantic islands. She has now fully supplied the deficiency in these two volumes, carefully and pleasantly written, and illustrated with exact maps, and with numerous engravings from photographs taken by Mr. John Harris Stone. It was in September, 1883, that Mrs. Stone and her husband arrived at Tenerife; and they spent six months in exploring not only that island but the six others—namely Gomera, Hierro, and Palma, to the westward, Gran Canaria, in the middle of the archipelago, and the two eastern islands, Fuerteventura and Lanzarote, which lie within sixty or seventy miles of the African coast. No modern traveller has bestowed so much attention on these islands, which seem to lack means of easy and regular communication with each other. It is possible, but cannot be certain, that the ancient Phœnicians knew of them; and that the Greek Hesperides, the "Fortunate Islands," of classic fable, and perhaps Atlantis, were an imaginative version of the fact. They were known to the Roman conquerors of Numidia, and were, in the fifteenth century, rediscovered by the Portuguese, but in 1479 became possessions of Spain. The original inhabitants, the Guanches, were cruelly treated, but their race has mingled with the Spaniards, making a gentle, mild, honest, friendly people. Gran Canaria, from its central position, and from priority of settlement, rather than Tenerife, has given its name to "the Canaries." Mrs. Stone thinks Tenerife preferable to Madeira, both as a coaling station for ocean steamers, and as a winter resort for invalids. The town of Santa Cruz, however, is not so desirable a place of sojourn as Orotava, on the north-western shore of this island. This has the finest climate on earth, and the fertile plain of Orotava is a perfect garden; the hill districts between those two seaports, with an elevation of 1800 ft., must be healthy and pleasant even in summer. All the middle parts of the islands are filled by the huge mountain range, amidst which the Pico de Teide, the famous "Peak," rises to a height of 12,200 ft., snowclad during half the year. The only road, till lately a bad one, ran around the island, not far from the seacoast. Mr. and Mrs. Stone travelled on horseback, with a guide, servants, and pack-horses, carrying a small tent in which they sometimes slept. They had some rough experiences, but the inhabitants were kindly, and those of the upper class showed true Spanish courtesy. The vineyards still bring to remembrance the allusions to "Canary wine," in Shakspeare's and other old English plays, but the malvasia grape, from which "malmsey" was made, is little cultivated. The scenery of the volcanic mountain region, and of the barrancos or deep gorges and ravines to the south, is described as tremendously rugged and wild. Mrs. Stone performed a considerable feat of womanly courage and fortitude in ascending the Peak with her husband, Lady Brassey got little above half way up. The prospect at sunrise must have been one of the most sublime to be enjoyed on the surface of the globe. But there is more various and more beautiful scenery in the neighbouring islands, which few Englishmen have ever visited, but which lie within sight. Hierro, almost unknown to our travelling countrymen, has no trade and no market; its peasants are very primitive folk. The descriptions of Palma and of Gomera are most attractive and interesting; in Gomera, it is said, the sugar-cane was indigenous, and was transplanted hence to the West Indies. Gran Canaria, with its chief town, Las Palmas, is an island almost equal in importance to Tenerife, having 90,000 inhabitants; and there is much commercial and political jealousy. In the island of Tenerife, again, the towns of Santa Cruz and Orotava seem to be jealous of each other. The former is the capital city and the commercial port, but its situation is not attractive to visitors; while beautiful Orotava, twenty-six miles distant, promises to become the most charming place of residence in the world. The proper town, the Villa de Orotava, stands on high ground, a mile and a half from the Puerto; but the new carriage-road between them, winding about to avoid the hills, is several miles longer. The port of Orotava is not safe or commodious; a mole or pier has been commenced, but is scarcely yet of much use; and there are schemes for making a large new harbour in the adjacent bay of Martiánez. The so-called "Valley" of Orotava is an oblong plain, sloping up from the sea, which is to the north, and bounded on the south side by a high saddle-back range, the Tigayga, beyond which rise the Cañadas, with a lofty rampart encircling the majestic Peak. Three conical hills of black lava, quite bare of vegetation, and the black lava-bed of a stream of molten volcanic discharge that once poured down here from the vast crater above, contrast singularly with the masses of rich verdure; with the fine woods of Agua Manza behind the town, with a variety of noble trees, flowering shrubs, ferns, and mosses; and with the palms, bananas, olives, vineyards and orange-groves, the oleanders and magnolias, and every plant of superb blossom, in the lower plain, filling a landscape of unsurpassed luxuriance. Streams from Agua Manza, by culverts and cisterns, supply pure fresh water to the Villa and the Puerta, which are reputed to be the most healthy places of abode, and where the climate is never sultry. The Villa is a curiously-built little town of steep streets, at all angles and odd corners, passing to different levels, overhanging each other, and intermixed with terrace gardens; some of the mansions of the Spanish nobility and gentry are handsome, adorned with carved wooden balconies of exquisite design. The Plaza, shaded by plane-trees, commands an open view seaward, and here may be seen, to westward, the glorious sunset over the isle of Palma. The view of the mountains, southward, is still more interesting, from the complexity of its features; but only the upper half and summit of the Peak are seen, which, indeed, appear equally well from the Molo at the port below. This sight is magnificent at sunrise, or whenever the belt of clouds around the huge waist of the central mountain suddenly breaks and reveals its sublime figure towering far into the azure sky. It cannot be seen from the town of Santa Cruz. The great Church of Orotava, that of the Conception, is not elegant in its external architecture; but its interior, with graceful pillared arches and marble dome, has much beauty; the carved marble pulpit and the grand altar, with their fine statuary of the Virgin, archangels, and cherubs, are worthy of any church in Europe. The silver doors of the tabernacle, and the treasures of plate, gold-embroidered vestments, and antique lace, preserved in this church, merit a careful inspection. In the gardens of the Marquesa del Sauzal grew the celebrated Dragon-tree of Orotava, the most ancient tree on earth, till its

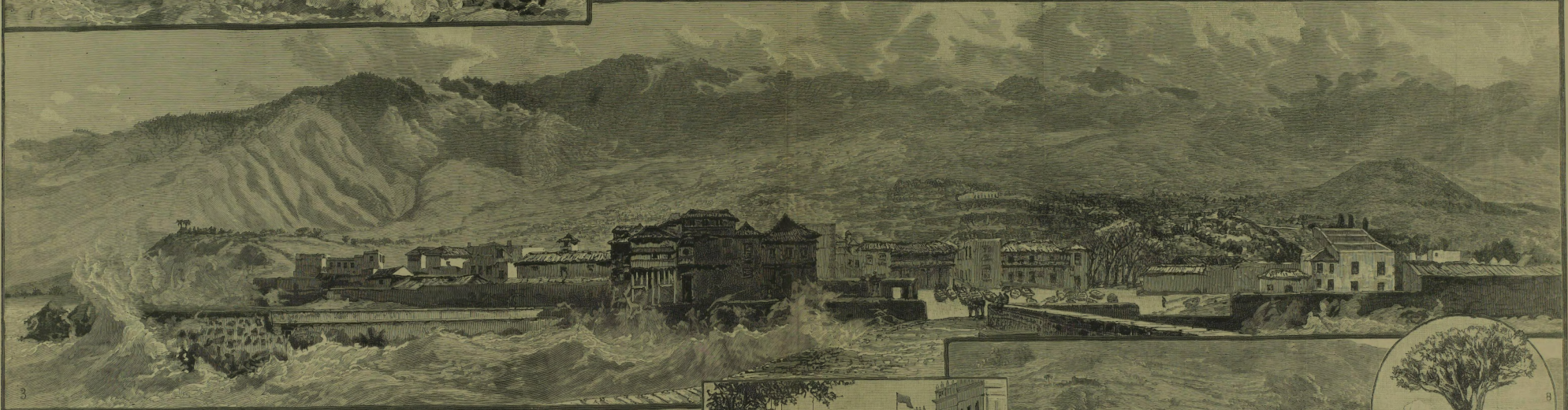
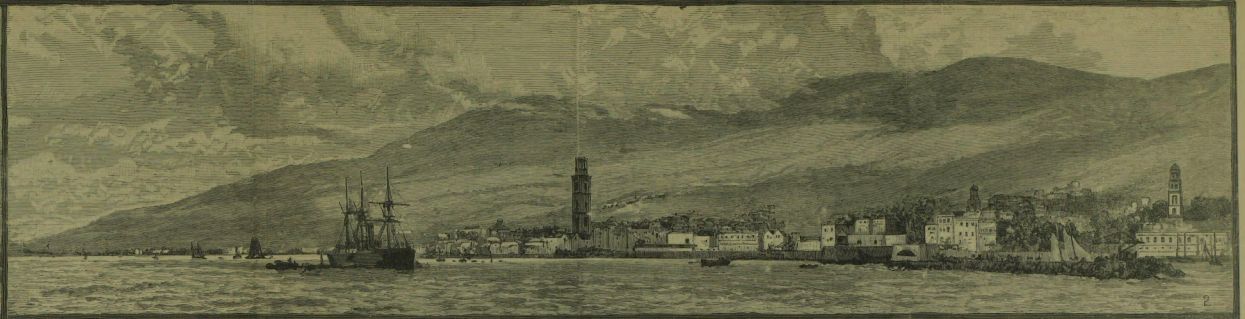
final destruction in 1867 by a storm which shattered the hollow trunk, of which nothing remains. It was described by Humboldt in 1799, and by Professor Piazz Smyth in 1856. The dragon-tree is found in the Canary and Cape de Verde Islands, and in some parts of north-west Africa. Scientific botanists say that it is not a tree; Mrs. Stone thinks it "a kind of gigantic asparagus." It is a very singular plant: from the top of the stem, before it has any branches, it shoots forth a great cluster of long stiff leaves, resembling sword-blades in shape and size; each branch, repeating this process, without the original trunk growing higher, lifts and spreads the general body of vegetation. The trunk and branches are immensely thick, and take rather the form of a cone, or a double cone, than of a cylinder; their bark is clad with scales resembling those of a crocodile or "dragon." This "dragon-tree" grows very slowly; the Tenerife species only begins to flower after fifteen or twenty, or sometimes thirty years, and there are no branches until after flowering. The great tree at Orotava must have been at least six thousand years old; some botanists say ten thousand. Its height, altogether, was 60 ft., but its trunk, at one part, was of 46 ft. 6 in. circumference, narrowing above to half that thickness, at the part where the first branches grew. The spread of the branches covered a width of 200 ft. The decayed interior of the trunk was used by the Guanches as a temple long before the Spanish conquest, and was then converted into a Roman Catholic chapel, where the mass was solemnised by Christian priests. In 1877, a seedling of the old tree was planted on the same exact site, and is now growing and putting forth its leaves. It has been fancied that the name and figure of this "dragon-tree," with its threatening swords, gave occasion for the classical fable of a dragon guarding the isles of the Hesperides. A fine old tree of the same species at Icod Alto is represented in one of the engravings from Mr. John Stone's photographs. The journey westward along the coast road from Orotava, or by Realejo, to Icod de los Vinos, and further west to the once thriving seaport of Garachico, has been rendered much easier than it was four years ago, when the authoress of these volumes and her husband rode there on horseback. From Realejo or Icod Alto, she tells us, the finest views of the Orotava plain, the whole north coast, and the northern side of the mountains, with the Peak to the right hand, are to be obtained, which should not be neglected by visitors to Tenerife. Her description of the scene makes one long for an hour of such enjoyment, standing on the grassy hill, on the slope of Tigayga, at an altitude of 2150 ft. The more arduous feats of mountain climbing, and the ascent of the Peak, which Mrs. Stone was able to perform, as we have said, must be sought by an approach from the opposite side, getting into the elevated basin of the Cañadas, behind the Peak. Our space does not allow us to dwell on the account of this crowning expedition. The book contains such wealth of picturesque descriptions and lively incidents that a reviewer can do no better than commend it wholesale to the reader; for there are details of the one island of Tenerife sufficient to make a good book, and those of Gomera, Hierro, and Palma, which are quite new to English readers, are presented in the same volume. All is so clearly and agreeably related that one may proceed with fair appetite to the second volume, which is occupied with the island of Grand Canary, the city of Las Palmas, the history, colonisation, government, productive industries and trade of the Canarians, and the tour of the interior, which is chiefly mountainous; further, to the eastern islands, Lanzarote and Fuerteventura, hitherto almost undescribed for us, being usually considered "beyond the pale of civilisation."

## OUR SKETCHES OF TENERIFE.

Our Artist, Mr. J. R. Wells, visited the beautiful island of Tenerife. The Sketches by him, which fill two pages of this Supplement, will be regarded with the greater interest, we hope, from our notice of Mrs. Stone's delightful and instructive new book; and from the great increase, this winter, in the resort of English families to Orotava, in preference to Madeira, as a pleasanter and really more salubrious abode for the preservation or restoration of health, and to escape the perils of our own climate at this season. The town of Santa Cruz, which furnishes subjects for two of these Sketches, is not recommended for the sojourn of that class of visitors, though it is a valuable station for the coaling of ocean steamships, a commercial port of increasing traffic, and should be interesting to us from Nelson's famous conflict there, on July 25, 1798, when he lost his right arm in a bold attempt to capture the town and forts with a few hundred men, landing from boats at a distance from the ships of the British squadron. The attempt, in which Nelson was accompanied by Captains Trowbridge, Waller, Hood, and Miller, did not prove successful, being opposed by a force of 7000 Spaniards, with artillery; but the Englishmen, after losing 250 killed and wounded, got off to their ships, numbering 340, carrying their arms, without further molestation; the Governor, Don Juan Antonio Gutierrez, honourably accepting a simple promise that they would not further attack the Canary Islands. The two British naval flags, still kept in one of the churches at Santa Cruz, were not surrendered, but were washed ashore from boats wrecked in the harbour. Anaga Point, a view of which was sketched by our Artist, is near the north-eastern extremity of the island, and is the part first seen in approaching Tenerife by a vessel from England. The view looking inland from the Molo at Puerto Orotava, towards the Villa Orotava, with the beautiful and fertile plain, the rising ground to the foot of the lower hill-ranges, and the majestic Peak uplifting its summit beyond these, will be the more appreciated by the reader after perusing what has been written of the situation of the town of Orotava and the tract of country around it. Mr. Wells also went on to Icod and to Garachico, making sketches in that part of the island.

To those who may desire a brief and handy treatise of practical guidance and summary of knowledge, with a view to deciding on the question of selecting these islands for a change of scene and climate, we recommend a sixpenny pamphlet, "Madeira and the Canary Islands," recently published by Messrs. Lee and Nightingale, newspaper agents, 15, North John-street, Liverpool. It is written, from personal experience, by Mr. Harold Lee, in a clear, pleasing, and entertaining style, with much animation and frequent touches of humour, which equally characterise some of the cleverly drawn sketches of figures and groups among the native population of Tenerife. The general account, comprised within sixteen pages, of the condition and habits of those islanders, describes their system of agriculture, with the artificial irrigation works, their products of fruit, wine, cochineal, tobacco, and sugar; the admirably constructed new roads, which Don Juan Leon y Castillo, of Telde, Grand Canary, the chief Government engineer, has now made as good as any in Great Britain; the administration of law and police, though crime is extremely rare; the customs, morals, and manners of the people. It is mentioned, with regard to Tenerife especially, that Señor Camacho, who keeps the hotel at Santa Cruz most frequented by the English, and who speaks our language, is also the agent for the Grand Hotel and Sanatorium at Orotava, lately opened





1. An old Spanish Convent.

2. The Town and Plain of Orotava, from the Mole at Puerto Orotava, with the Northern Mountain Range and the Peak of Teneriffe.

3. View of the Peak, from Orotava.

4. A street in Santa Cruz.

5. Anaga Point, near the north-west extremity of the island.

6. A bit of the Town of Orotava.

VIEWS IN TENERIFE, CANARY ISLANDS, THE NEW WINTER SANATORIUM IN THE ATLANTIC.

SKETCHES BY OUR ARTIST, MR. J. B. WELLS.



by an English company, of which the Count de Salazar is president and Mr. W. Harris, managing director. The leading physician at Orotava, Dr. G. V. Perez, holds English diplomas and has held a post at the Brompton Consumption Hospital. Tenerife is reached direct by a voyage of five or six days from England, one day longer than that to Madeira, or by a much shorter voyage from Lisbon or Cadiz. The fine steam-ships of the Shaw, Savill, and Albion Company, from London for New Zealand, and of the Aberdeen line to Australia, call at Tenerife; while those of the New Zealand Shipping Company, the Union Steamship Company, and the (Donald Currie) Castle line, for the Cape, take passengers to Madeira, whence they can go on to Tenerife. From Liverpool, the ships of the British and African Steamship Company (Elder, Dempster, and Co.), and of the African Steamship Company, start every Saturday, performing the distance to Madeira in six days, and that from Funchal to Santa Cruz, Tenerife, in twenty-six hours. The rate of fares, in most instances, to the Canary Islands very little exceeds that of the voyage to Gibraltar; and the latter part of the voyage is sure, in any weather, to be less rough than in the Bay of Biscay.

#### THE LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

Immediately following the life-boat disasters which occurred in Lancashire in December, 1886, the committee of management of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution appointed a special committee to inquire into the various properties of the boats of the institution, and to carry out trials and tests with the view of adopting any improvements which could be made, either resulting from experience or suggested by science. The special committee, which included some of the highest authorities on such matters, after sitting almost daily for three months, made their report, which resulted in the determination of the committee of management to replace as soon as possible a large number of their boats by others possessing important improvements, and in furtherance of this project nearly sixty new boats have already been sent to the coast. They also decided to offer gold and silver medals for models and drawings of a mechanically propelled life-boat best adapted to meet the conditions under which life-boats are called upon to perform their work, and for a propelling power suitable for the existing self-righting boats of the institution. The competitors were instructed to forward their designs to the institution by Oct. 1, in order that they might be examined by three judges appointed for the purpose. These judges—Sir Frederick Bramwell, Sir Digby Murray, and Mr. John J. Thornycroft—who are not in any way connected with the institution, have reported that they have carefully considered all the models and drawings submitted to them, and that they are of opinion that none of them is suited to the requirements of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, and they are, therefore, unable to award medals.

The Duke of Cambridge has given directions that steps be taken to ascertain the views of commanding officers of the Metropolitan Volunteer corps with respect to the manoeuvres next Easter. His Royal Highness suggests that the Artillery Brigades might assemble with advantage at Portsmouth.—The Dover Corporation on Jan. 10 agreed to make a representation to the Committee of Officers who will consider the plans for the Easter Monday Volunteer Field Day, offering to co-operate with the military authorities in providing the requisite ground and all necessary local accommodation for the Volunteers.

#### WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 13, 1885), with two codicils (dated Aug. 18 and 19, 1887), of Mr. Edward Blackburn, late of Haine, in the parish of Stowford, Devon, who died on Aug. 27 last, was proved on Jan. 9, by Charles Davidson Cobb, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £92,000. The testator states that he has provided for his wife by settlement, and he directs that the funds and securities under the said settlement, on her death, shall be divided between his five children. Arthur, Ernest Murray, Harold Bellas, Robert, and Mary Charlotte. The Haine estate and all his real estate in the counties of Devon and Cornwall he leaves to his son Arthur, for life, and then upon trusts for sale, the proceeds to fall into his general estate. He bequeaths £16,000, upon trust, to pay a discretionary sum not exceeding £500 per annum, for the benefit of his son Edward Brooking, and, subject thereto, for all his other children; £16,000 each to his sons, Arthur, Ernest Murray, Harold Bellas, and Robert; £8000 to his daughter Mary Charlotte; £5000 each to his daughters, Emma Brooking, Laura Woolcombe, and Alice Maude Woulfe; £2000 to his brother Robert; £1000 to James Nicholas McCall; and legacies to nephews, nieces, servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his sons other than Edward Brooking.

The will (dated May 20, 1887) of Mr. Francis Deakin, late of Eastbury, Watford, Herts, who died on Oct. 14 last, was proved on Jan. 10 by Mrs. Hannah Maria Deakin, the widow, and William Augustus Deakin and Francis Howard Deakin, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £61,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the General Hospital (Birmingham), the Children's Free Hospital (Birmingham), the Birmingham and Midland Eye Hospital (Church-street, Birmingham), the Children's Emigration Homes (Birmingham), the Deaf and Dumb Asylum (Edgbaston, near Birmingham), the Queen's Hospital (Birmingham), the Iron Hardware and Metal Trades' Pension Society (London), and the Bluecoat Charity School (Birmingham). The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay £300 per annum to each of his children, William Augustus, Francis Howard, Alice Maud Mary, and Jessie Maria; and the remainder thereof to his wife; and, at her death, to his said children, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 3, 1887) of Mr. William Thompson Mann, late of Tarporley, in the county of Chester, who died on July 19 last, was proved on Dec. 16 last by Charles Courtenay Deane and James Percival Cross, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £51,000. The testator bequeaths £20,000 for such charities in the counties of Lancashire and Chester, or for the erection or endowment of any churches (belonging to the Church of England) and parsonages in the dioceses of Liverpool and Chester, in such manner, and in such amounts as his executors may think fit; £6000 to Margaret Alma Rouquette; £2000 to Isabella Dugdale; £1000 each to Norah Rouquette and Charles Courtenay Deane; and £25,000, upon trust, for his wife. The testator leaves the residue of his property among certain legatees, in proportion to the amount of their legacies.

The will (dated March 31, 1884) of Major John Thomas Ashton, late of Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, who died on Dec. 6 last, was proved on Jan. 9 by the Rev. John Francis Ashton and the Rev. Edward Henry Whynates, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £35,000. The testator bequeaths £4000 each to his son, the Rev. John Francis, and his daughter, Mary Anne Maria; and

£50 to each executor. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife, Mrs. Marie Louise Ashton.

The will (dated Feb. 5, 1875), with two codicils (dated July 15, 1880, and Dec. 22, 1881), of Mrs. Anne Hervey, late of Oaklands, Castle Hill, Ealing, who died on Oct. 28 last, was proved on Jan. 6 by Valentine Smedley Hervey and William Bethell Hervey, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £32,000. The testatrix, after giving some small legacies and annuities, and making specific gifts of her pictures, china, &c., leaves the residue of her property to be divided among her children in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 18, 1876), with a codicil (dated Sept. 4, 1881), of General Henry Lawrence, of the Indian Army, formerly of No. 1, Palace-road, Surbiton, but late of No. 1, Camden-gardens, Richmond, who died on Nov. 23 last, was proved on Jan. 7 by Henry Cripps Lawrence, the son, and John Warrington Haward, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £26,000. The testator bequeaths £1300, and all his plate, glass, linen, furniture, and household effects, and the picture of his mother, to his wife, Mrs. Honoria Lawrence; a small legacy to his daughter, Mrs. Eliza Nicholson, who is already well provided for; and legacies to relatives and friends. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and, at her death, between his four children, Mrs. Henrietta Honoria Elwyn, Philippa Frances Lawrence, Augusta Elizabeth Lawrence, and Henry Cripps Lawrence, share and share alike.

The will (dated June 26, 1885), with a codicil (dated Sept. 24, 1886, of Mr. George Alexander, late of No. 66, Inverness-terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Dec. 13 last, was proved on Jan. 9, by William Robert Alexander and James Henry Alexander, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testator gives to his son, William Robert, £3000, and he frees from certain charges thereon the estate in Ireland which his said son now succeeds to under the will of his (testator's) father, the Right Hon. and Right Rev. Nathaniel Alexander, Lord Bishop of Meath. He bequeaths £11,000 to his daughter Rebecca Ann; and the residue of his estate and effects he leaves to his son James Henry.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1887), with two codicils (dated Nov. 19 and 29, 1887), of Mr. William Clapcott Dean, late of Littledown, Holdenhurst, Hants, who died on Dec. 3 last, was proved on Jan. 9 by Robert Stead Jones Stevens and Henry Oakley Chislett, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £21,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 each to Joseph, Richard, and Dean Cooper; £2000 to the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £1000 each to his executors; and other legacies and annuities. He charges his real estate with the payment of £750 per annum for the purpose of keeping his eight horses and his pack of hounds, for the term of fifty years, or so long as any of them shall live. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to James Cooper, absolutely.

The will (dated March 11, 1882), with a codicil (dated Feb. 22, 1884), of Mr. Philip Griffith, C.B., late of Prince's Hotel, Brighton, who died on Nov. 24 last, was proved on Jan. 9 by William Basevi Sanders and Arthur Elley Finch, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £12,000. The testator leaves all his interest in certain premises in Bread-street and his stock in the East Indian Railway, upon trust, for his sister Mrs. Apollonia Sanders; and legacies to relatives. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephew, Commander Frederick De N. Sanders, and his sister Mrs. Letitia Fausset, in equal shares.

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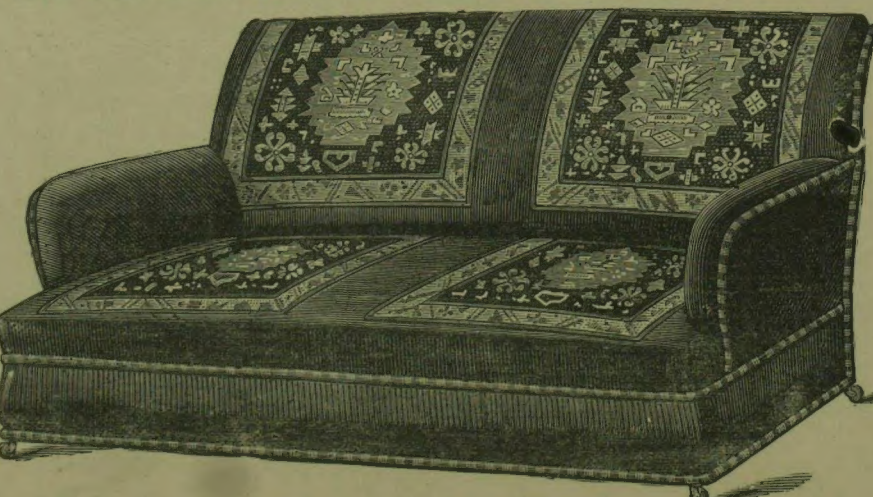
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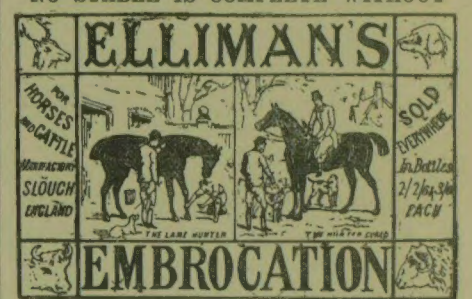
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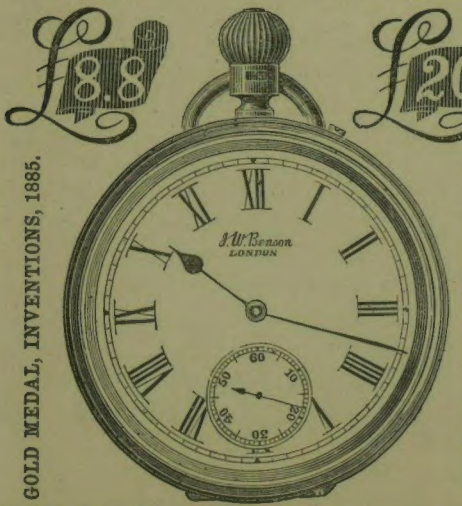
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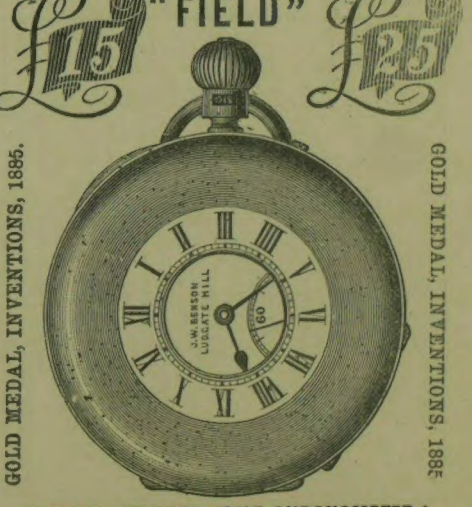
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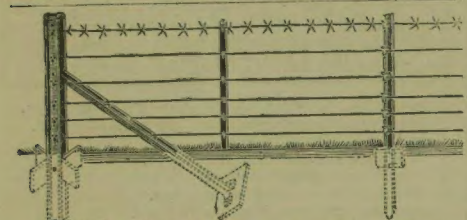
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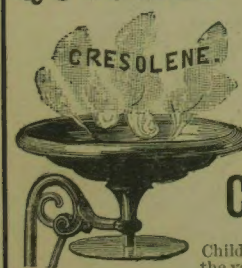
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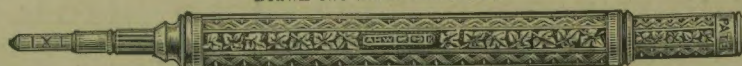
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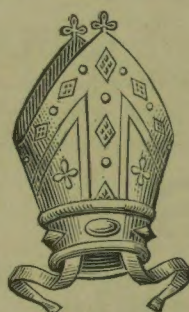
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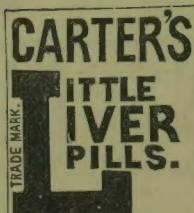
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